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SEPTEMBER 1989 A MONTHLY REVIEW EDITED BY R. EMMETT TYRRELL, JR.

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Not Just Another Bunch of Pretty Faces

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Now—Twenty Years Later—The Truth Is Finally Being Told

Six married men and six unmarried women had spent the evening of July 18, 1969, drinking and partying in a rented cottage on isolated Chappaquiddick Island in Massachusetts. Late in the evening one of the men and one of the women left the party together.

Sometime later that night a terrible accident occurred. Edward M. Kennedy, the junior Senator from Massachusetts, allegedly made a "wrong turn" and then drove his car off Dike Bridge. Kennedy's companion, Mary Jo Kopechne, drowned.

While unquestionably a tragic accident, the bizarre story of Ted Kennedy and Chappaquiddick only begins there.

It is a story of many versions and variations — seemingly as many versions as there were major participants.

The Real Story Comes Out

Now, for the first time, the true story of Ted Kennedy and Chappaquiddick has finally been told in ***Senatorial Privilege: The Chappaquiddick Cover-Up*** by Leo Damore.

Written after years of painstaking research, including previously closed confidential files, and over 100 interviews, many with police officers, investigators and others intimately involved in the case, ***Senatorial Privilege*** reveals information never before available:

- What, exactly, happened in the 10 hours between the accident and Kennedy's reporting of it to the police?
- Was Kennedy prepared to lie about his participation, saying that Mary Jo was alone? Or driving herself?
- Twenty years later, what does Kennedy cousin and co-host of the party, Joe Gargan, say now that he hasn't said before?
- What did State Police Detective George Killen say about Kennedy and Chappaquiddick just before his death in 1979?
- Does Bernie Flynn, another former Massachusetts State Police Officer, believe that the Kennedy clan used its power and influence to obstruct the post-accident inquest?
- Was the Grand Jury tampered with?
- Were the press and the American people lied to?
- Just how extensive was the cover-up?

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Finally, Some Answers

Damore reveals the answers to these questions and many more in ***Senatorial Privilege.*** Nearly 500 pages long and illustrated with actual photographs and maps, it is loaded with new information about "the most notorious automobile accident in American history."

Damore's evidence is too compelling, too overwhelming, to be ignored. And he is able to offer the most damning testimony in the man's own words.

For years, Kennedy's cousin and former close adviser Joe Gargan had refused to come clean. He spoke only to "official" investigators, and there is even some doubt about the completeness of his answers then.

Now, in extensive interviews with Damore, Gargan gives the answers long sought, but only now revealed.

Banned in Boston

And don't think for even a second that Ted Kennedy and his family have lost most of their power. Just ask Leo Damore. After he devoted years to meticulous research into the events surrounding Kennedy and Chappaquiddick, no one would publish his book.

Publisher after publisher turned him down. They didn't want to offend the Kennedys. First Amendment rights, so important to these publishers when they involve trash or outright obscenity, don't include the right to tell the truth about Ted Kennedy.

Finally, a small, Washington, D.C.-based publisher accepted the book. It immediately soared to the top of the best-seller lists, everywhere but in Boston. It is the one book that Teddy Kennedy doesn't want you to read.

Truth Wins Out

Twenty years after this tragic accident you can finally learn the whole truth.

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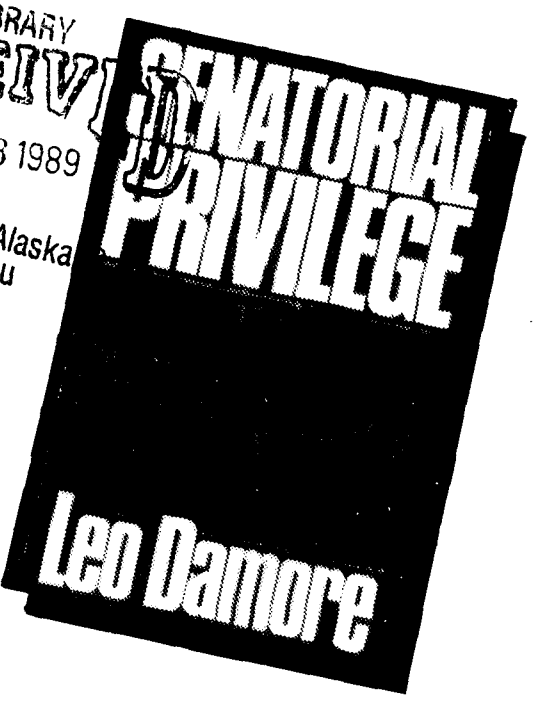

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The Israeli Peace Initiative

Can it restore peace and tranquility to this troubled area?

During his recent visit to Washington, Prime Minister Shamir of Israel proposed a comprehensive Peace Initiative to the U.S. Government, to the world, and especially to the Palestinian Arabs and to the Arab states. This Initiative has been endorsed by the Israel government and the Knesset, by the U.S. State Department, by a bi-partisan group of 95 U.S. Senators, and 233 members of the House. Many western governments have expressed their agreement with elements of the proposal. The PLO and the Arab states have so far rejected the Initiative. What is Mr. Shamir's proposal, and can it indeed lead to peace in this troubled part of the world?

What are the facts?

■ In order properly to assess the political realities in the Middle East, it is important to realize that the conflict between Palestinian Jews (Israelis) and Palestinian Arabs is not the core of the Arab/Israel problem. It is only a side issue. The main event, the core of the problem, is the unrelenting effort on the part of some Arab states to defeat Israel militarily, to dismantle (what they call) the "Zionist entity." That effort has been unceasing since the creation of Israel in 1948, and has given rise to five major wars. With the exception of Egypt, which finally concluded peace with Israel in the Camp David Accords, most other Arab states are still in a state of war with Israel. All Arab states are participants in the world-wide boycott of Israel, which has as its purpose the economic strangulation of that country. The Covenant of the PLO, which cannot be voided by a casual word by its chairman, makes the "liberation of all of Palestine"—and that, of course, includes the state of Israel—its primary goal and ultimate purpose.

■ Since the beginning of the so-called "intifada," Israel has spared no effort to control and appease that uprising, with as little loss of life and injury as possible. It is likely that this very concern for human life is the reason that the situation is not yet under control. One cannot help but compare the Israeli way of handling civil disturbance with the "effective and efficient" method of the Chinese, who watched *their* dissenters for a week and then restored "order" by ruthlessly killing several thousand citizens; or with the Syrians, who when the citizens of Hama defied the regime of President Assad, killed about 20,000 of their own people in one quick operation; or with the Iraqis, who poison-gassed 4,000 of their own Kurdish citizens, whom they suspected of "disloyalty" and chased over 10,000 survivors over the frontier into Turkey and Iran. Israel is prepared to make far-ranging concessions to meet the legitimate aspirations of the Palestinian Arabs. Such accommodations, however, can only be made after order has been restored. Also, a final settlement could only take place in the context of peace—not just with the Palestinian Arabs, but with the Arab states themselves, especially, the so-called "confrontation states"—Syria, Jordan, Iraq, Lebanon, Saudi Arabia and Libya.

■ Unfortunately, while there is constant clamor for Israel to make "sacrifices for peace," no such requests are being made of any of the Arab countries. Nor has any Arab country come forward offering to change its stance toward Israel, even if the Palestinian conflict were settled. A good beginning, for instance, could be made by the Arab states denouncing and rejecting the infamous equation that "Zionism = Racism," by rescinding the economic boycott against Israel, and by public declaration that peace negotiations with Israel could start simultaneously with the effort to address and resolve the Palestinian problem. Any cessation of territory or even of administrative control over the territories would fatally weaken the already precarious military situation of Israel—unless it were in the context of a comprehensive peace settlement with all of the Arab countries.

■ In spite of these difficulties, and in spite of the unrelenting hostility of the Arab states, Mr. Shamir, Prime Minister of Israel, has presented a comprehensive Peace Initiative. The peace with Egypt, based on the Camp David Accords, should serve as the cornerstone for this Initiative, enlarging the circle of peace in the region. It calls for the extension of that peace through continued consultation. Israel, in its Initiative, calls for an international endeavor to resolve the problems of the residents of the Arab refugee camps—slums that have been perpetuated for over 40 years. Israel wishes to improve the living conditions of these people and to rehabilitate them. It wishes to be an active partner in this humanitarian enterprise. The most important step of this Initiative, are full and democratic elections in the territories, so that the inhabitants of Judea/Samaria (the "West Bank"), and of the Gaza district can elect representatives with whom negotiations for a 5-year transitional period can be held. During this period, options for a permanent solution will be examined and peace between Israel and Jordan will be achieved. Negotiations for such permanent solution shall begin as soon as possible, but not later than the third year of the transitional period.

The above is of course, only the barest outline of Israel's Peace Initiative. It is the first viable peace plan ever offered. It is the expression of the yearning for peace of the people of Israel and of its desire to make peace with its neighbors, to build a Jewish homeland without the ever-present specter of war, and in the hope of being able to play its role in the development of the entire region. In order to begin with the first phase—free democratic elections in the territories—it is obvious that tranquility has first to be restored. The Israelis, unwilling of course to use Chinese, Syrian or Iraqi methods of "restoring order," have so far been unable to do it. But the Arab governments, by expressing *their* desire for peace and by supporting Israel's Peace Initiative could do so practically overnight. And the Arab states could further signal *their* desire for peace by declaring their willingness to enter peace negotiations with Israel, by renouncing and rejecting the slanderous equation that "Zionism=Racism," and by ending the economic boycott against Israel. Thus, Israel's Peace Initiative, being accepted by the Palestinian Arabs and finding echo with the Arab governments, could be the first step toward a just and permanent peace in an area of the world that hasn't known it for decades.

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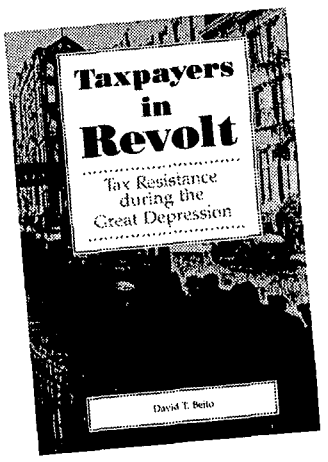

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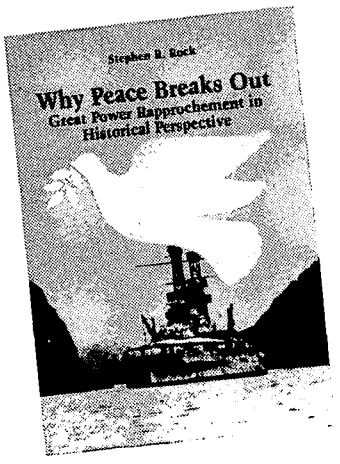

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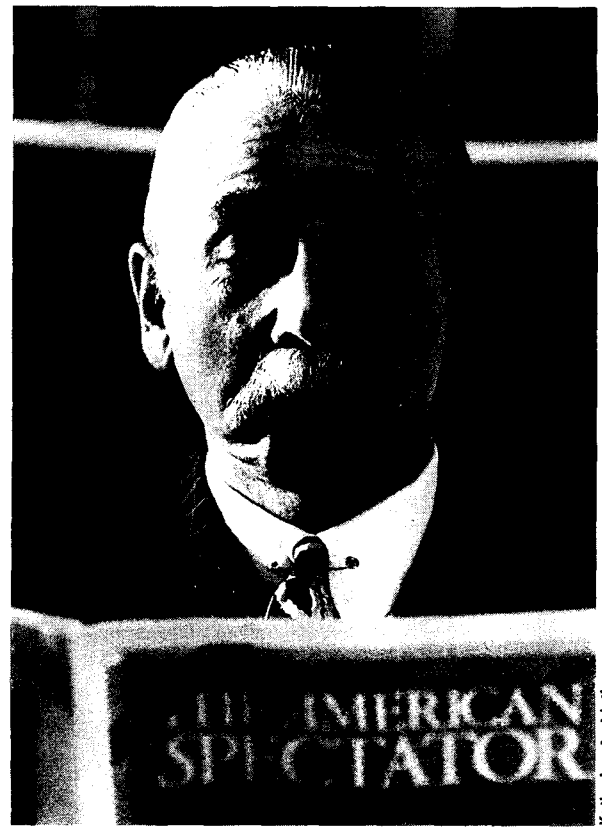

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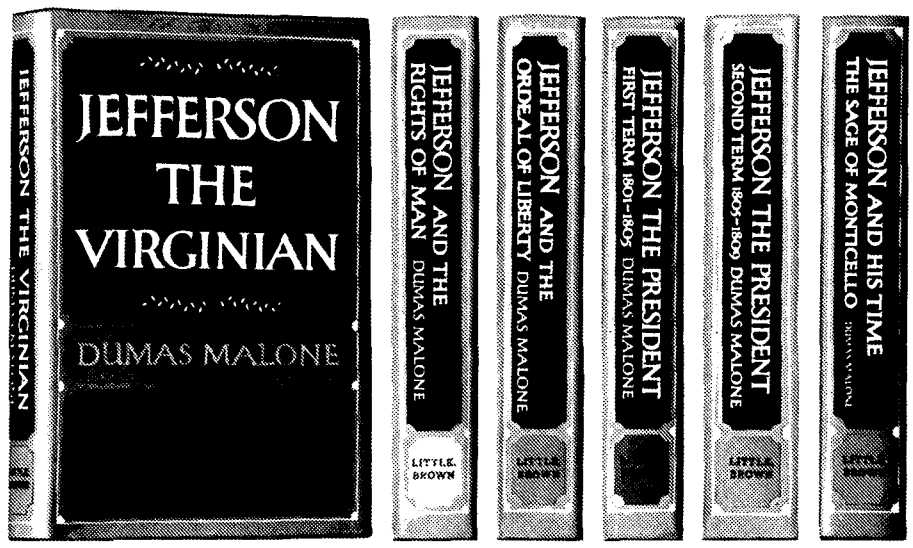
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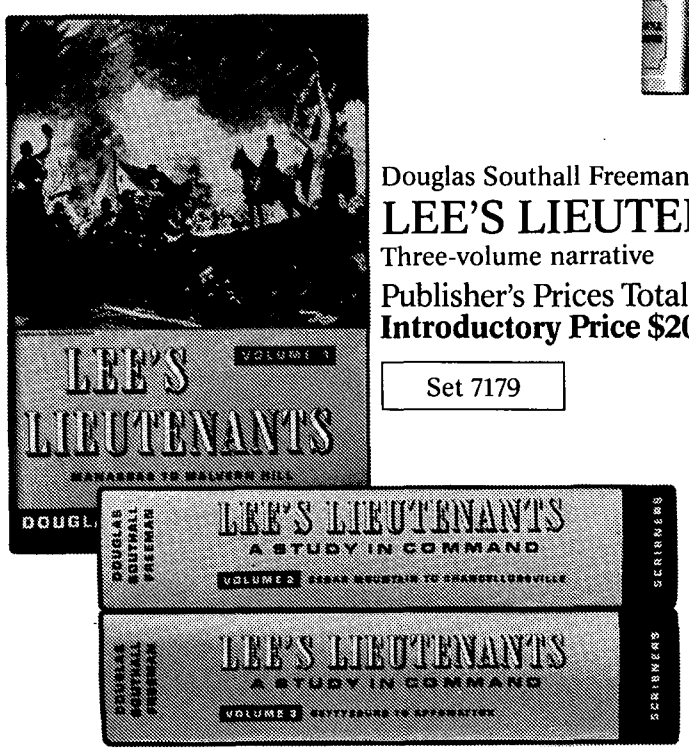

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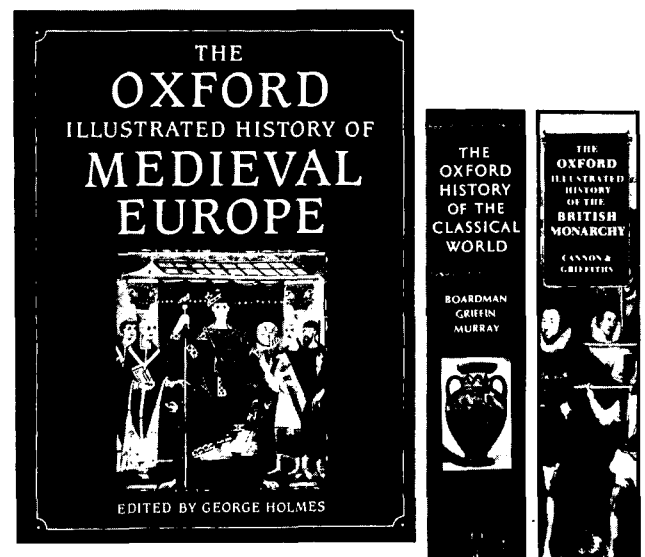

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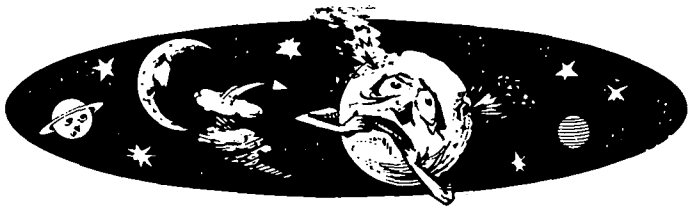

• July passed swimmingly, at least for those with umbrellas, flood insurance, and a healthy disdain for the notion of global warming. It was equally swell for anyone who joined George Bush on the latest of his record-breaking foreign travels, this time to Eastern and Western Europe. Meanwhile, admirers of Margaret Thatcher could only marvel at her cheek in presenting President François Mitterrand with a copy of *A Tale of Two Cities* by Charles Dickens to mark the 200th anniversary of the French Revolution. The groundwork for this bit of honesty in diplomacy was laid by none other than Mikhail Gorbachev, who a week earlier in Paris had told Mitterrand that "the spirit of the French Revolution has always been present in the social life of our country"—even though the Soviets have yet to master guillotine technology. On returning home, both Presidents Bush and Gorbachev faced major domestic disturbances: Mr. Bush, from State Department professionals irate at being passed over for ambassadorial appointments; Mr. Gorbachev, from miners "tired of living like junkyard dogs," as one Siberian striker put it. Faster than you could say "Lee Atwater," Mr. Bush's troubles were put to rest with the emergence of one Felix S. Bloch, whose case has revived a truism of the McCarthy era: your State Department professional may be a Soviet spy. As for Mr. Gorbachev, his troubles are only just beginning—another truism.

• In Poland, the question this month was "What does Jaruzelski want?" First he said he would run for president, then said he wouldn't, then said he would. It's not clear what ultimately turned him around. Gorbachev called him "a great politician and a man of high moral responsibility." President Bush countered by praising his "wisdom and courage" and inviting him to lunch. Or maybe he took a page from the novelist Mario Vargas Llosa, who on July 3 announced he would reenter Peru's presidential race. In any event, the general's game of hard-to-get worked wonders: on July 19 he suffered still more humiliation by winning the presidential election in parliament by the narrowest of margins—while running unopposed.

• Like great minds, history's losers think alike. Prof. Madeleine Albright, foreign policy adviser to the Dukakis campaign in 1988, returned from a speaking tour in Poland where she met with a number of Communists defeated in June's parliamentary elections. They complained about the difficulty they had in drawing crowds, about the inaccuracy of their polling, and about how their message was distorted by a media that was supposed to be on their side. "I've heard it all before," she commiserated. As Massachusetts struggles to become the Argentina of North America, acting governor Michael Dukakis has come to be called "Peewee," while bumper stickers in Boston announce: "Duke Makes Me Puke." "I am astounded by the degree to which he has been savaged," says Bill Kovach, the former conscience of the *Atlanta Constitution* who now heads the Neiman program at Harvard. "It is really a shocking thing."

• Though not so shocking as reports coming out of St.-Tropez, France, that Miss Brigitte Bardot has been accused of castrating her neighbor's donkey, which before it became a mule displayed scortatory interest in her own donkey, Mimosa. In other entertainment news, on July 16, 51-year-old Darrell and Dennis Carlson took top honors as the most identical of dozens of identical twins competing in the 25th Twin-O-Rama in Cassville, Wisconsin. They both work as professional clowns and tool around in Ford Econoline vans. *Rain Man*, the Oscar-winning movie about another pair of identical brothers, is being shown on at least fifteen major airlines sans a crucial four-minute scene in which the autistic savant played by Dustin Hoffman refuses to board a plane because he has memorized airline crash statistics. The long-awaited Robert Mapplethorpe retrospective opened at the Washington Project for the Arts to an aroused reception. Miss Jo Ann Lewis, the *Washington Post*'s critic, could not take her eyes off "Man in Polyester Suit," a photograph that "features the torso of [a] man in a tight three-piece suit, his fly wide open." Noting that sophisticated viewers will appreciate that Mapplethorpe here "was probably making sly fun of their button-down, buttoned-up lives," Miss Lewis ended her remarks in a burst of feminist self-delusion: "For women, customarily confronted with female nudes, [Man in Polyester Suit] is a refreshing switch."

• No matter what the Supreme Court says, feminism continues its long march through American social life. On July 11, Governor Mario Cuomo signed "Potty Parity" into law. As of June 1, 1990, all new buildings in New York state will have to provide as many toilet stalls for women as they provide stalls and urinals for men. Next on the agenda is what the *New York Times* has dubbed "the sexual politics of air-conditioning." Turns out that the girls in their summer dresses freeze to death in many offices because climate control has been set to accommodate the men in their long-sleeve shirts, jackets, and ties. Miss Julie Croteau of Maryland's St. Mary's College Seahawks, the first gal to play on an NCAA men's baseball team, concluded a productive freshman season, batting .222 with one r.b.i. Her team wound up 1-21-1, a record once nearly matched by the Bloomington franchise of *The American Spectator*'s men's softball team during its dream season of 1985.

• Elsewhere on the summer school circuit, University of Florida police arrested an unidentified man after he was detected crawling under library tables, reportedly looking at women's legs. In Jackpot, Nevada, a retired schoolteacher, Mrs. Margaret Halverson, won first prize in the 15th Annual Jackpot Hollerin' Contest. Second place went to her son, George, who must have done a lot of talking back when he was growing up. You will notice, though, that Mrs. Halverson's husband was not among the contestants. The perpetually panicky administrators of Dartmouth College announced a four percent decline in alumni donors for 1988 and an 18 percent decline in applications for the fall semester. In Montgomery, Alabama, ten Ku Klux Klansmen have been ordered to attend a course on race relations taught by civil rights leaders.

• In Los Angeles, Mr. Jim Backus, the voice of Mr. Magoo, and Mr. Mel Blanc, the voice of Bugs Bunny and other cartoon mensches, both died, just when life was providing them with new material. For example, a two-and-a-half-year-old boy in Clackamas, Oregon, triggered a three-car collision when he drove his battery-powered toy car onto a suburban street. A bulldozer operator in the northwestern Ukraine ruptured a pipeline, spilling 4,000 gallons of fuel into the Noren River, which promptly erupted in flames when a local farm worker, as is his wont, sent a cigarette butt downstream. In Golovin, Alaska, an 11-year-old boy determined to become the youngest pilot to cir-

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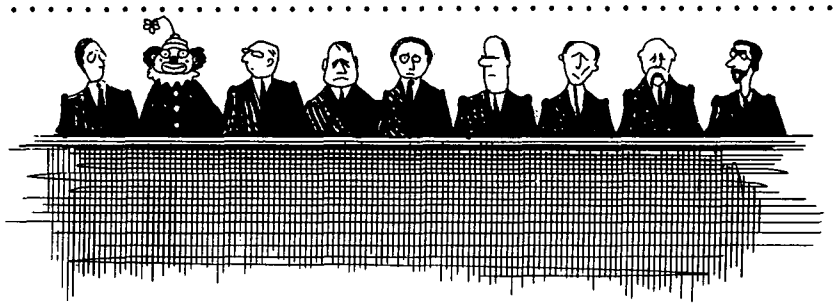
cle the globe crashed on takeoff. Sure enough, there were no injuries.

• The first official hymnal of the new Presbyterian Church (USA) has eliminated "God Rest Ye Merry, Gentlemen" from its pages. According to revision committee chairman Miss Melva Costen, the carol "has some sexist tones." House Republicans have asked Rep. Buz Lukens, the merry gentleman from Ohio, to resign his congressional seat. Not to be outdone, three Democratic congressmen have asked the House ethics committee to review allegations of sexual misconduct by Illinois Democrat Gus Savage. On July 6, President Bush inexplicably awarded the Presidential Medal of Freedom to one-time State Department professional George F. Kennan, and on July 12, Dr. Sidney Hook, who was honored with a Medal of Freedom by President Reagan in 1985, died in Stanford, California. He was 86, and irreplaceable.

• As Americans of all stripes continued to debate whether to fly or fry the flag, they got no help from Miss Cynthia F. Behrman of Hilliard, Ohio. On turning to her 1940 Girl Scout Handbook for guidance, under the heading "Respect Due the Flag" she found this: "An old, torn, or soiled flag should not be thrown away, but should be destroyed as a whole, preferably by burning." In Tacoma, Washington, retired Brig. Gen. Ensley M. Llewellyn, founder of the military newspaper *Stars and Stripes*, died at 83. Needless to say, I have no idea whether he will be cremated. —*WP*

SPECIAL EDITORIAL



FLAG FLAP

by Victor Gold

AMENDMENT XXXVIII

Notwithstanding the provisions of Article II of the amendments hereof regarding the necessity of a well-regulated militia, the sale or commercial transfer of firearms and ammunition for private use in the United States and all territories subject to its jurisdiction is hereby prohibited.

—U.S. constitutional amendment enacted June 30, 1997, following a conservative Supreme Court decision restricting gun regulation laws in New York and Massachusetts.

Coming of political age in Louisiana, I soon learned the value of constitutional amendments. Like paper currency in Brazil, they were a glut on the market. On any given election day there would be a constitutional referendum on the ballot, adding anywhere from five to fifteen new amendments to the fundamental law of the state.

By the time I was twenty-one, the Louisiana constitution was as wordy (and as opaque) as an unedited Faulkner manuscript. Too many amendments, not to mention amendments-of-amendments. Then someone—probably a law clerk who had worked up a hernia trying to lift it—suggested throwing out the old constitution and starting all over again: the equivalent of invalidating old currency and printing new bills.

No use. Within a matter of years the new Louisiana constitution was as cluttered as the old. Not that Louisianans are that much different from citizens of other jurisdictions. State constitutions are generally treated with awesome irreverence, with this morning's peeve or passion likely to become this afternoon's amendment. The question serious conservatives have to ask themselves now is whether, given a growing irreverence toward the document shaped by the Founding Fathers, the constitutional inflation endemic to the states won't soon infect our national body politic.

Consider the proposed anti-flag burning amendment. It's all very simple, said the Attorney General on a Sunday talk show. No problem, no sweat. True, Madison, Hamilton, and the crowd gathered in Philadelphia 200 years ago spent weeks and months pondering, weighing each word and phrase that would become the law of the land. But then, you see, they didn't have the benefit of word processors. These days, a select group of constitutional experts from Capitol Hill and the Justice Department can print out, within forty-eight hours of an unpopular Supreme Court decision, an amendment to cool the crowd's flaming viscera. Who needs *The Federalist Papers* when the whole simple add-on can be explained by the Attorney General himself, between commercial bites, on "Meet the Press"?

All very good, but suppose—a not unlikely supposition—that the exhibitionist dolt who started the process at the '84 Republican convention in Dallas, having triggered one constitutional amendment, decides to "desecrate" another banner; is arrested under the new Texas statute following enactment of the twenty-seventh amendment; then freed when it's discovered that what he burned this time around wasn't an official U.S. flag but a look-alike banner containing fifty-three stars and fifteen stripes? Then we can suppose—another likely supposition, given the new irreverence toward the Constitution—that it's a simple matter of plugging the loophole with another amendment to ban the physical destruction of *simulated* symbols.

There is, of course, a simpler way—the old-fashioned way that conservatives who claim to venerate the Founding Fathers might ponder before rushing to the nearest word processor to save the flag. The Supreme Court's ruling, after all, was narrowly rendered, 5-to-4. A one-vote switch is all that's needed, and barring the possibility that the flag-burning decision will send the country up in flames in the next few years, it's worth the wait.

Otherwise, prepare yourself, should the Attorney General's "simple" amendment become the law of the land, for more of the same. Much, much more, like paper currency in Brazil. A thirty-eighth amendment, sponsored by a liberal White House after a decision handed down by a conservative Court in the 1990s? Why not? In the flush of recent victories, conservatives would do well to consider that most fundamental principle of all political principles in a democracy: what goes around comes around. □

Victor Gold is The American Spectator*'s national correspondent.*

SIDNEY HOOK, RIP

Sidney Hook's death at the age of 86 reminds us all that not even the bravest heart or the staunchest spirit is indestructible. A man of profound learning and unflagging courage, Sidney Hook was a tireless champion of democracy, human rights, and the life of the mind. Though he entitled his autobiography *Out of Step*, and though he was indeed frequently out of step with prevailing academic and philosophical fashions, Sidney Hook was never out of step with the enduring values of the Western tradition: with love of freedom, with pursuit of knowledge and respect for human dignity. He was a philosopher with the temperament of a fighter, and an academic with the vision of a statesman. "Man's vocation," he said, "should be the use of the arts of intelligence in behalf of human freedom." It is hard to believe—and even harder to accept—that his voice will not be heard again. But it will be remembered as long as men love freedom and respect human dignity.

—Vice President Dan Quayle
July 14, 1989

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EDITORIALS

THE REAL ENVIRONMENTALIST

by R. Emmett Tyrrell, Jr.

One of the curiosities of the American environmental movement is that so few environmentalists look particularly suited for the great outdoors. Most look as though they would be more at home in the public library or listening to a lecture on the porcelain of Byzantium, assuming Byzantium possessed porcelain. Of course, occasionally the paradigmatic American environmentalist picks up his butterfly net or straps on his walking shoes and heads toward the wilds of a nearby botanical garden or public forest preserve. More frequently when the environmentalist ventures out of doors he is headed for a demonstration alfresco against some aspect of the twentieth century.

Well, I am all for protesting the twentieth century, the classical fashions of the eighteenth century being more to my liking. What is more, some of this century's encroachments upon the natural order have, indeed, been catastrophic. Yet the true American environmentalist is not the aforementioned urban sophisticate with a tendency toward nerdiness. If sheer numbers matter, if monies spent to protect the natural habitat are considered, the true American environmentalist is the hunter, the fisherman, the outdoorsman. His devotion to nature, even to the creatures he pursues, is genuine. He ventures into the great outdoors eagerly, rain or shine—and even into those purlieus where nasty insects and unappealing reptiles swarm.

It surprised me not at all this spring when President George Bush placed environmental concerns near the top of his political agenda. He is a member of Ducks Unlimited and Bass Unlimited, too. Since Ducks Unlimited was founded in 1937, it has raised $337 million for the maintenance and reclamation of some 3,000 wetlands projects. Wetlands, the home of thousands of species of wildlife, are under constant assault, usually from agricultural interests. America loses 400,000 acres of wetlands annually. Such private organizations as Ducks Unlimited willingly pick up the bill to protect as many natural habitats as they can. Some of these organizations are quaintly named, for instance: the Ruffed Grouse Society, the National Wild Turkey Federation, and the White Tail Deer Foundation. All told, their membership far surpasses that of the more radical and politicized environmentalist organizations.

Few Americans have a deeper respect for the environment than the hunter or the pursuer of trout, bass, and less esculent fish. Some of the most inspired laudations penned to nature have been written by devotees of the hunt and the deep. Recall if you will the writings of one of the country's first and most effective conservationists, Theodore Roosevelt, a Republican. Most outdoorsmen recognize the true beauty of nature and the wonder of the creatures they pursue. The hunter and the fisherman have an abiding interest in keeping the environment unpolluted and congenial to their quarry. And they spend an enormous amount to preserve the environment both through voluntary contributions and through excise taxes and licenses.

The data available on America's outdoorsmen provide overwhelming evidence that when we think of the American environmentalist we should be thinking of hunters and fishermen. The *National Hunting and Fishing Survey,* published at five-year intervals by the Fish and Wildlife Service of the federal government, reveals that in 1985 more than 50 million sportsmen went afield with rod or gun. Just over 46 million fishermen, 16 years old or older, spent 976.6 million days and $28.1 billion on their sport in 1985. That same year 16.7 million hunters spent 334 million days hunting and $10.1 billion on the hunt. In 1985, 29,673,190 fishing licenses and 15,879,572 hunting licenses were purchased, raising respectively $282,342,746 and $300,760,758 for state governments' wildlife management.

In the 1950s federal excise taxes were levied on fishing and hunting equipment, raising still more money for wildlife management. Yet when similar legislation was aimed not long ago at the butterfly nets, the binoculars, and the other equipment of nonhunting and nonfishing environmentalists, they raised a ruckus of fearful proportions. This summer, as you swat flies and evade the poison ivy, remember the outdoorsman. He really relishes the environment and has willingly paid to keep it natural. □

Adapted from RET's weekly Washington Post *column syndicated by King Features.*

BUSH AND THE CONSERVATIVES

George Herbert Walker Bush is the paradigmatic American of the present moment. That has now been made clear. We see it in his presidential decisions, his style, his holiday amusements in faraway Kennebunkport. He is upright, energetic, can-do. A man of character, possessed of the instincts of a fine officer, he is ceaseless movement, carefully scheduled. His government is going to be what the Europeans would call center right.

Where precisely that will lead us then depends on the right. After all, the center cannot lead. It merely absorbs. But today's right is not exactly poised to lead.

For one thing, the conservatives' most popular positions have already been implemented and to good effect. The Reagan Administration lowered marginal tax rates, and the economy flourished; though critics of the Reagan Boom have always reported on that Boom as though it were a weird Depression—for the better off, dancing in the streets; for the poor, Depression. Actually, as economist Martin Anderson notes, from 1980 to 1987 the Reagan Boom allowed an 84 percent increase in social welfare spending, America's largest increase in social welfare spending ever. The critics have also murmured in one sustained *concerto grosso* of gloom about the conservatives' other popular program, the military buildup, though it accomplished precisely its purpose, an end to Soviet expansionism.

As for those conservative policies that have yet to be implemented, it is not clear there is a sufficient constituency supporting them or a galvanizing leader capable of creating that support. Controlling the federal budget, pressing for democracy in Nicaragua, legislation to sustain the traditional family, and continuation of the Strategic Defense Initiative are all dear to the hearts of conservatives, but all need leadership; and here the unhappy news is that the conservative leaders are either dead or exhausted from the struggles of the past fifteen years. That splendid generation of conservatives that numbered within its ranks William Casey, Barry Goldwater, Clare Boothe Luce, and Ronald Reagan himself has passed into retirement. Those conservatives in their sixties who popularized the views of conservative economists, social scientists, and strategic thinkers are weary. Is there a younger William F. Buckley, Jr. or Irving Kristol around? I do not know of one.

And there is worse news. The rallying points for American conservatism have always been personal liberty and anti-Communism. Rightly or wrongly in this age of Communist self-doubt and re-

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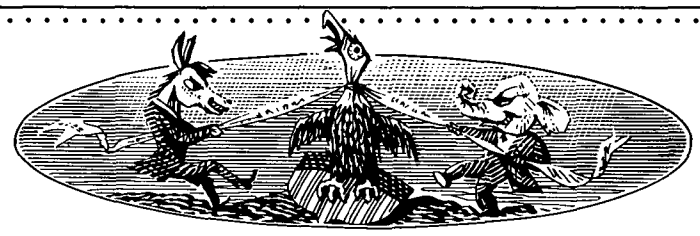
trenchment it is difficult to maintain one of those major rallying points, anti-Communism. If the Marxist menace really were to wither away, American conservatism might go with it. All that I can see that might replace anti-Communism as a rousing conservative tenet is patriotism, but among such highly individualistic people as American conservatives patriotism would hardly be a summons to much more than mild goose bumps as the flag passes by.

The detumescence of conservatism is not all that helpful to this Republican President. It is true that a vigorous conservative movement might fetter his freedom of action. Noisy criticism from the right could weaken him the way noisy criticism from the left weakened Jimmy Carter. But the American conservative movement has provided the Republican party with vigor and with foot soldiers ever since 1964. It is the major political base supporting the party. The Democrats have a dozen highly charged factions to support them. Their problem is to keep each faction from becoming an embarrassment. The conservatives are not so extreme. There is little to fear that they will embarrass the Republican party but rather that they will wilt away.

Finally, there is one other reason President Bush needs a vigorous conservative movement. That movement's intellectuals have devised appropriate solutions to social problems that have defied the Democrats' favorite solution, big government. Without market solutions, say, to pollution or to child care, all George Bush is left with is a cheap version of the Great Society. His latest policy suggestions for child care and the environment come dangerously close to the old Great Society charlatanry. Here again is evidence that the conservatives are not leading his center-right government. □

CAPITOL IDEAS



HERETIC AS HERO

by Tom Bethell

Bongo drums in the lead, the African American liturgical procession came solemnly down the aisle of Suitland High School's Anabelle Ferguson Auditorium. The congregation, a thousand strong for the 11 a.m. Eucharistic Liturgy, was all black and perhaps 75 percent female. Some had been waiting in their seats for an hour or more. Many were holding cardboard fans with plywood handles, dispensed free by local funeral homes. About twenty usherettes stood ready for any emergency, wearing nurses' uniforms and white cotton gloves. Suitland is way out in the Maryland suburbs; just about the entire congregation had arrived by car. But you had to walk the last few blocks because so many Plymouth Horizons, Dodge Omnis, Chrysler LeBarons, Chevy Camaros, Nissan Sentras, Broncos, Jeeps, Mercury Cougars, and Toyota Corollas were clustered outside the auditorium that every parking space was taken.

At last the proceedings were underway, and here came the rebel priest (as the *Washington Post* called him), Reverend G. Augustus Stallings, Jr., pastor of the newly formed Imani Temple. His assistant, or deacon, wore dreadlocks. Banners held aloft depicted an eccentric red, black, and green pattern remotely suggesting a cross. No crucifixes here, though. The bongos drummed, there was a monotonous shaking of beads inside some cylindrical African gourd, and the white-gowned female choir came loosely steppin' down the aisle: Ah-men . . . Ah-go . . . Ah-men . . . Ah-go . . .

The balding, tonsured Reverend Stallings was wearing vestments with an odd, off-center, and noncanonical pattern in back. He seemed quite subdued, his hands held vertically together, Roman Catholic style, and proceeded up to the stage past a dozen unicams and swaying microphone booms. The media crowd was as usual on nonchalant safari, khaki jackets festooned with cameras and lens caps. But this is a story where the media have not been quite as impartial as they like to pretend. They have cast the Defiant Reverend as hero and wouldn't dream of giving him the Jim and Tammy Faye treatment.

Stallings is that authentic media-hero of our time, the defector or apostate. Not any defection will do, of course. One must defect from the central or core institutions of Western culture in order to achieve renown. And here was a black Catholic priest who was publicly and loudly walking away from the church, disobeying the local archbishop, James Cardinal Hickey, and starting up his own congregation with an "authentic" Swahili name, the Imani Temple. As he did so, he accused the Catholic Church of racism. Perfect! Marjorie Hyer of the *Washington Post* could scarcely restrain her enthusiasm, extolling in a series of page-one stories the "outspoken defiance" of "the charismatic black preacher." Here was a "David and Goliath story with racial implications," wrote another *Washington Post* reporter.

On the "racist" accusation, incidentally, I one day asked the Rev. Stallings if he wasn't going too far in using this word. "Oh no," he said. "The bishops used it themselves in 1979." And indeed they did, in a pastoral letter entitled "Brothers and Sisters to Us," a document that in retrospect seems ill-disposed toward the U.S. and ill-advised in its comments about the Catholic Church. ("Racism is an evil which endures in our society and in our Church. . . . The climate of crisis engendered by demonstrations, protests, and confrontation has given way to a mood of indifference. . . . RACISM IS A FACT," and so on.) Stallings merely echoed the charges, in if anything milder tones.

In response to Stallings's defection, Cardinal Hickey responded by suspending him from the performance of priestly functions. (Catholics who continue attending services by a suspended priest are in "noncompliance," as far as their own churchgoing obligations are concerned.) The Rev. Stallings responded to his suspension by saying: "I do not recognize [Hickey's] jurisdiction to determine who we are and what we are." He seemed not to grasp the church-state distinction, insisting on his (unquestioned) "rights to religious, spiritual, liturgical and theological self-determination," as though Cardinal Hickey were Cardinal Wolsey, and George Bush, Henry VIII.

On the one hand, Stallings insisted democratically that his legitimacy derived from the people, or congregation. The large turnout the week before at his service in the Howard University Law School chapel had demonstrated, in Stallings's view, that "the people have spoken. . . . We will not allow someone [outside the black community] to decide what we are to do." A few days later he said in an interview: "We are saying [to Cardinal Hickey] that if you want us to remain" within the Catholic Church, "simply realize you have made a mistake, eat crow and go on to endorse what Imani Temple had the vision to do." Here he played the role of Defiant Heretic.

At the same time, however, Stallings insisted that he was still "in union with Rome" and "in communion with the Roman Catholic Church." Here he showed a sophisticated grasp of media dynamics and modern rebellion. No longer can you just state your principles and walk out, like Martin Luther. "If we had said we were going to be an interdenominational church, Hickey would have just cut us off," Stallings told an interviewer. "There would have been no need for all of the media focus, no need for people to make statements." In other words, you must both insist that you are obeying the urges of spontaneity and the need to liberate yourself from the repressive order, and yet (to get media attention) simultaneously insist that you are still working "within the system" to reform (i.e., subvert) it.

Media headlines have obscured the point that Stallings does not assert any doctrinal differences with the church. "I do not see the issues as being theological," he told Black Networking News, "because there are no theological, doctrinal or matters of faith with which we differ with the Catholic Church." What, then, is the dispute all about? "The question is," Stallings

Tom Bethell is The American Spectator*'s Washington correspondent.*

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replied: "How do we as a Catholic Church meet the profound spiritual and cultural demands of a people . . . who come out of a particular historical context . . . drastically affected by socio-economic, political and psychosexual issues."

If he is saying that black Catholics want to introduce culturally distinctive elements into Catholic service, then they are already doing so in about half the black parishes in Washington, D.C. Stallings himself did this when he was for twelve years pastor of St. Teresa of Avila Church in Anacostia, and the archbishop did not object. In response to Stallings, the thirteen black U.S. bishops put out a statement noting their longtime support of "cultural adaptation of the Church's liturgy." (And in part, one can sympathize with those who seek cultural differentiation. The music at Imani Temple was certainly preferable to the insipid "Peter, Paul & Mary" ditties that one must so often endure in Catholic churches these days.)

From the stage, Stallings faced the congregation and shouted, "We've come to PRAISE Him!" This was greeted by a tremendous wave of applause and bongo thunder. The regular reading from one of Saint Paul's epistles was replaced by a passage from *The Writings of Howard Thurman* (Harcourt Brace Jovanovich, 1984). Perhaps the most noteworthy liturgical innovation was the invocation of "ancestors," in addition to saints. (Whether African ancestors really do mean more to blacks than European ancestors mean to whites is, I should have thought, an unresolved question, with very little evidence to support the proposition either way.)

The reverend announced that he would be appearing on the Oprah Winfrey TV show at 4 p.m. on the coming Friday. "I know that some of you will want to set your VCR's while you are at your good government jobs," he advised. He said that services would be at the Suitland auditorium for the next two months. "We must commit ourselves to be ready to march into a new sanctuary by September," he said. This would entail not just "breaking ground, but breaking wallets" to pay for what could be a huge expense. "I'm not going to take a collection now," he went on to say with winning candor. "I'm going to wait till I preach. Because then I know your hearts will be ready!"

Much of his sermon was delivered at peak volume, with the reverend shouting into his microphone as though from one mountaintop to another. Media folk in the front rows, a few feet from the crate-sized loudspeakers, sat cringing with their fingers in their ears. *"We ain't gonna try to take nobody out of nobody's Catholic Church because there's a whole lot of folk out there. . . . Too many folks are concerned about saving an institution when they ought to be concerned about saving their souls,"* he bellowed. Too many people are "brainwashed, indoctrinated, and preprogrammed." *"We* are going to worship any way we want to worship. I ain't gonna shortchange my people," or worry about "any ritualistic expression that has kept them in slavery for 200 years."

Most church folk "are so heavenly bound that they are no earthly good!" This cracked him up and he repeated the last few words, bouncing up and down on both feet, as though on a trampoline. Then he started to bounce around the stage as though he had a pogo stick under his vestments . . . So heavenly . . . bounce bounce bounce . . . bound that they are no . . . bounce bounce bounce . . . earthly good! The media were having a hard time trying to write it down and keep their eardrums intact at the same time, so deafening was the noise.

Abruptly he turned down the volume and minced quietly across the stage—a complete change of pace. "We're livin'

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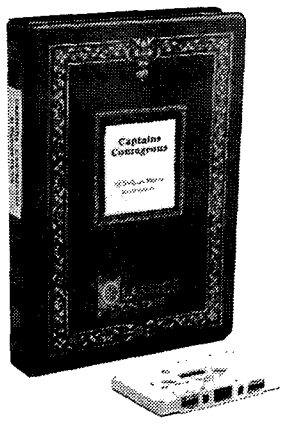

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in the last days, church," he said. "We can't simply be concerned about *image.*" Here he reminded the congregation that "God loves a cheerful giver," and "the more you give, the more he will give to you." Huge baskets of cash and checks were duly collected, and a few days later it was reported that the Imani Temple had taken in $39,000 in its first two Sundays.

Commenting the following week to an undiminished congregation, Stallings noted that they were paying $1,000 a week for the auditorium, and that "we don't have any deep pockets." He added that the Archdiocese "may want some of the money, but we're not *giving* them any of it." He imitated the Diocesan voice: " 'We sure would like twelve percent of it.' " Then, resuming his own: "Well, you can GET twelve percent of it—if you talk right."

After the service I jostled along with Stallings outside the auditorium, amidst a crowd of mikes and minicams (German television, Spanish television, ABC News), and found a moment to ask him "what the 'twelve percent' in your sermon referred to."

"The twelve percent would be the assessment on our offertory that the Archdiocese would require of us if we were collecting over—how much—six thousand and something . . ."

"Is that what you were paying the Archdiocese at St. Teresa of Avila Parish?"

"That was what we were *supposed* to be paying . . ." We were soon separated in the milling media scrimmage.

Sitting next to me in the auditorium had been a religion columnist by the name of Michael McManus, who later that week appeared on the Oprah Winfrey show with Stallings and enlivened the proceedings by accusing him of being a "protestor, or Protestant," not a Catholic. McManus mentioned to me that Stallings lived in a restored town house with a Jacuzzi and Chippendale antiques, and "drives a 1988 Acura Legend."

Charlotte Hays of the *Washington Times* managed to get inside Stallings's Anacostia house, called "Augustus Manor" on its brass door knocker, and the "Howard Hilton" by the students who sometimes stay there. "Hayden Blanc, Father Stallings's personal secretary, opened the front door, revealing an expanse of deep oak paneling, Oriental rugs and Chippendale-style dining chairs," Hays wrote. "It was like stepping into the pages of *Architectural Digest*. Mr. Blanc, an anthropologist and church restorer, said he is responsible for the decor. He proudly conducted the grand tour, from the mauve country-French breakfast room to the spectacular domed marble bathroom on the third floor."

The Rev. Stallings told Charlotte Hays that "for black ministers to have something decent is only to inspire black people to have something. Too many people operate out of the framework that a priest shouldn't live well. Well, what I'm doing is establishing a home that can minister to my needs."

After the service there was an impromptu press conference. I asked Stallings about the reports of lavish living.

"The normal way of life for a Diocesan priest is to live in a comfortable environment," he said, "starting with the Cardinal Archbishop of Washington." But unlike others, "I chose to make mine public." He said his stipend as a Diocesan priest had been $783 a month. "And out of that you pay for your own car as well as your personal effects. But I was very fortunate—I was blessed with an extraordinary gift of preaching, and so I preached the length, heighth, depth, and breadth of this nation." And was paid to do so.

"Is there a 'liberation theology' connection to all this?" an Italian journalist beside me asked.

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CONGRESS IN CRISIS

Fred Barnes

SO YOU WANT TO REFORM CONGRESS?

To remind senators and House members why they were sent to Washington, we should cut back on PACs, the frank, campaign stashes, and lifetime tenure.

Everybody's got it wrong about campaign spending in Senate and House races, incumbent power, and political action committees. The real problem isn't money, though there's too much of it floating around. It isn't PACs—they're only part of the problem. Eliminating them is a step in the right direction, but no more than that. And the problem isn't one-party rule in Congress either. True, 34-plus years of Democratic control of the House haven't been good for America. But had Republicans ruled the House, there'd still be lots to complain about.

The problem is Washington. Something awful happens to our elected officials when they get to Washington. The longer they stay, the worse it gets. They get swallowed up by the political culture of the city. It's almost like *Invasion of the Body Snatchers* come true, except there's no need to put big pods by their beds at night. They absorb Washington's ways by osmosis.

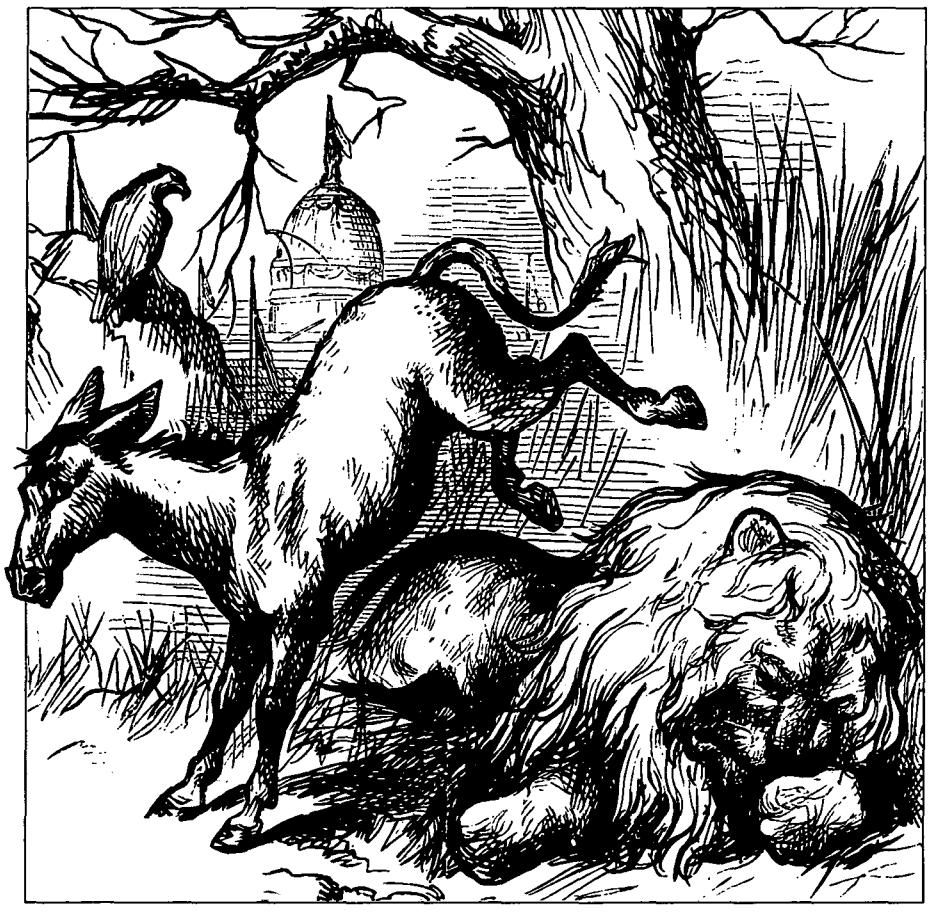
This means they become skillful Washington politicians. Even the duds figure out what it takes to get along in Washington—and stay, year after year. They love the life-style in Washington. The city isn't a backwater anymore. Life is pretty luxurious. There are plays, art galleries, fancy foreign restaurants, pleasant suburbs, good schools for their kids (outside of Marion Barry's District of Columbia, that is). Washington is a wonderful compromise between New York and the boondocks.

Too wonderful, it turns out. Many members of Congress cease representing their states or districts in Washington beyond the grubby pursuit of narrow special interests (retaining an Air Force base, getting a HUD grant, and so on). After a year or two on Capitol Hill, they become representatives of Washington to the folks back home. A few decades ago, they'd have been voted out of office if they put on Washington airs. Now they've rigged elections so they can't lose unless they're caught in a scandal.

In Washington, senators and House members quickly fall in with the permanent establishment of bureaucrats, lobbyists, political consultants, journalists, lawyers, flacks, and representatives of businesses, unions, trade associations, and other special interests. It's not an iron triangle they join; it's an iron octagon.

The result is that real change occurs only fleetingly—when the voters register their desire for it in seismic terms, as they did in 1980 with the Reagan landslide. The momentum from that election soon dissipated. After mid-1981, things were back to normal. Virtually every social program, no matter how wasteful or redundant, survived. So did every Pentagon weapons system, regardless of cost-effectiveness. And why not? In both cases, the programs had permanent friends in Congress.

I think strong campaign reforms are needed. The trick is deciding which ones and getting Congress to pass them. There's not much incentive now for Congress to act, since the current system serves incumbents so handsomely. It may take an election in which congressional ethics, perks, and money-grubbing—Washington ills—are a major issue. And I mean an issue that actually defeats some incumbents. That may occur in 1990, though I'm not getting my hopes up.



In judging proposed reforms, the standard should not be simply whether they curb PACs or reduce spending. The standard should be whether they make elections for the Senate and House more competitive, and keep members from adhering to the inside-the-Beltway playbook. Does a reform create incentives for them to reflect the broad interests of their constituents (the parochial interests will take care of themselves)? Does it make them more responsive to their constituents, less to organized interests in Washington? That's the test. Now, Washington provides powerful disincentives.

President Bush's reform package is good, as far as it goes. He would eliminate business, trade, and union PACs, and he'd restrict ideological PACs to donations of $1,000 per candidate per election, not $5,000. He'd force the disclosure of "soft money," which supposedly goes for party-building, but in 1988 was devoted to bolstering the parties' presidential campaigns. He'd prohibit incumbents from

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Fred Barnes is a senior editor of the New Republic. *This is the first in a series of articles in* TAS *on the Great American Congress in Crisis.*

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carrying over campaign funds from election to election, and he'd bar unsolicited mass mailings that members of Congress send out under the frank—at no expense to them, naturally.

Bush is correct in rejecting public financing of congressional campaigns and spending limits. "If anything," Bush said in June, public financing "would strengthen the status quo." It would make incumbents all the more unbeatable, since their challengers couldn't outspend them or match their exploitation of incumbency. Spending limits, Bush said, will only keep people from participating in campaigns. "The answer is reform," he said. "We need reforms that curtail the role of special interests, enhance the role of the individual and strengthen the parties."

Eliminating PACs is good for starters, but let's be clear about what it will achieve. PACs do not buy the votes of senators and House members by giving them campaign money. As chairman of the Democratic Congressional Campaign Committee, Rep. Tony Coelho realized this in the early 1980s. Liberal Democrats could take money from business PACs, vote as anti-business as they wished, and then go back in the next election cycle for more PAC money. PACs pony up the money every time, thinking that at the very least they're purchasing access.

In truth, businesses, unions, and trade associations can get all the access they want on Capitol Hill just for the asking. I'm amazed the people who run PACs haven't caught on. Or maybe they have, and just don't want to give competing special interests even the slightest edge. Giving $5,000 to Tom Foley every two years probably makes PAC managers feel more secure. But they're not buying anything. They'd find this out if they stopped paying. If a few PACs did, then they all might feel that it's safe to stop, and PAC-banning legislation wouldn't be needed. I'm not holding my breath.

PACs, which are concentrated in Washington, pull members of Congress away from the folks at home. Every night in Washington, members hold fundraising receptions to which PAC officials flock with their checks. This is an easy way for incumbents to raise money, and spares them the agony of traveling to their state or district to drum up funds. The more they rely on PACs to finance their campaigns, the more Washingtonized they become. In 1988, Democratic candidates for Congress got 47 percent of their campaign funds from PACs. Republicans got 31 percent.

PACs of all ideological and partisan stripes must be happy with the status quo. Why else would they try so hard to maintain it? Until the Coelho revolution, Republican challengers had a good shot at getting money from business PACs. This made races against Democratic incumbents more competitive, and it forced incumbents in Washington to tune the voters in. Democratic challengers got campaign funds from labor PACs, which made contests with Republican incumbents more competitive. Now the situation is different. Business PACs give their money to incumbents, period. Challengers need not apply. Union PACs, however, still fund Democratic challengers.

In judging proposed reforms, the standard should be whether they make elections for the Senate and House more competitive, and keep members from adhering to the inside-the-Beltway playbook.

The advantage for incumbents is potent, even for Republicans. GOP incumbents get a lot more money from business PACs than their challengers get from labor PACs. In 1988, "PACs gave four times as much money to incumbent senators as they gave to challengers, and contributed more to sitting congressmen as against challengers by an 8 to 1 margin," said Democratic Senator David Boren of Oklahoma, who has proposed a modest package of campaign reforms. "With a virtually unlimited supply of PAC contributions available in Washington, is it any wonder that 98 percent to 99 percent of House members are re-elected time and again?" Nope.

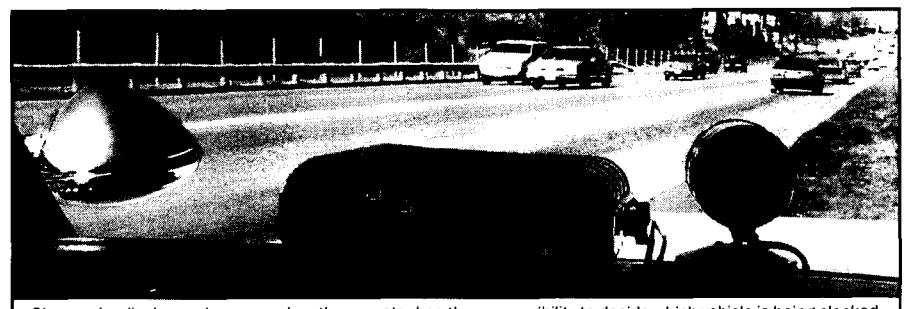
Michael Malbin, an aide to Defense Secretary Dick Cheney and co-author of *Vital Statistics on Congress, 1989-1990*, says it takes at least $200,000 for a challenger to run a credible campaign for the House. The average spent by Republican challengers was $99,383, compared to an average of $358,212 for Democratic incumbents. Republican incumbents spent $408,000, compared to $143,000 for Democratic challengers.

Once PACs, which handed out $156 million in 1988, are killed, money for campaigns will have to come from somewhere else. But where? Bush would allow the parties to more than double the amount they contribute to congressional candidates in "coordinated expenses." Fine. That would enhance the two parties. Another overdue reform is a hike in the $1,000 limit on individual contributions. It ought to be raised to $5,000, or higher, or better yet, eliminated altogether.

Of course that would create another problem: fat cats. No one wants a member of Congress beholden to a fat cat who contributed $500,000. There's a way around this—and around the entire issue of money in political campaigns. In most races, the bulk of campaign spending is for one thing: advertising. The money goes for TV or radio ads, or for direct mail. Since TV and radio stations are a public trust, they should be compelled to provide free air-time for congressional candidates, some of it in prime viewing hours. The candidates could divide the time as they wish, some for 30-second spots, some for five-minute speeches, some for 30-minute biographical sketches, and so on.

Don't raise the objection that this won't work in House races, where TV and radio aren't cost-effective and thus aren't used. I've accommodated for that. For obvious reasons, buying time on Los Angeles television doesn't make sense for Henry Waxman, the Democratic House member from west Los Angeles, a small sliver of the L.A. television market. He relies heavily on direct mail, paid and franked. The franking privilege lets a member of Congress send newsletters, announcements, and other thinly disguised propaganda to constituents with no postage. Bush would bar unsolicited mass mailings by members of Congress. House Republicans would trim the number from twelve to three, with only one in an election year. I'd go with the House Republicans, and also give challengers in districts like Waxman's the franking privilege to match the mailings of the incumbent.

For the time being, Congress is unlikely in the extreme to legislate free TV



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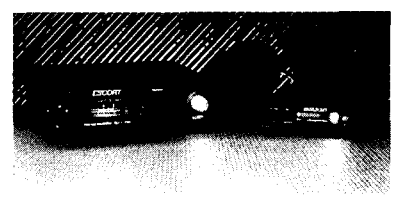

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time for candidates. Incumbents don't need free television. With the dough they get from PACs, they can buy all they want. But the odds are better on killing or curbing PACs. If that occurs, incumbents will be desperate to get on TV. So they might compel TV and radio stations to provide free airtime. And they'd have to give free time to challengers, too. The public's thirst for fairness would force them to.

One of the biggest impediments to contested congressional elections is the money that incumbents collect and hold. As the law now stands, House members in office in 1980 can convert that money to personal use when they retire. Nearly every reform plan, including Boren's, would take away this privilege.

Big deal. That's not attacking what's really wrong. These bloated campaign funds are chiefly used by incumbents to scare off challengers. They reduce competition. This, in turn, allows incumbents to ignore their constituents. Who would want to run against Democrat Dan Rostenkowski, the chairman of the House Ways and Means Committee, when he's got $1,034,438 stashed in a campaign fund? Nobody in his right mind, that's for sure. Or Democrat Stephen Solarz of New York, who's saved up $1,158,484? Or Republican Larry Hopkins of Kentucky, whose permanent campaign treasury has $608,792? In all, 190 House members are hoarding leftover campaign funds. They should be required to spend the money in their next campaign, or lose it.

What members of Congress do with their personal finances is also important. Coelho resigned from the House in June after it was revealed he'd purchased a junk bond from Drexel Burnham under questionable circumstances. Coelho wasn't the only one. Conflicts of interest abound. Jim Wright got favored treatment on loans and investments. I could go on. There's a solution, one I first heard from Robert Novak, the columnist and conservative folk hero. He says House or Senate members should be required to put their personal holdings in a blind trust that's truly blind. I agree, and I'll bet Coelho would too, now.

I've saved the most radical proposal for last. It's one I've come to reluctantly: a limitation on congressional terms to twelve years. In fact, I'd add to that by letting senators and House members serve as committee chairmen and in leadership posts such as Speaker and majority leader for only four years. I didn't pluck these reforms out of thin air. There are precedents for both. The Twenty-second Amendment limits Presidents to two consecutive terms, and that's worked fairly well. I'm sure I'd have voted for Reagan if he'd run for a third term in 1988. He'd have won. But in hindsight, I think we're better off with Reagan, at 78, in Santa Barbara and Bush in the White House. The Twenty-second Amendment saved us from ourselves.

As for Congress, the chairmen of the intelligence and budget committees are switched every four years. It's worked well. After four years, the budget chairmen grow weary of advocating spending cuts and tax hikes. This isn't what members of Congress like to do. They love to spend, not cut. Not that the budget chairmen propose sweeping cuts. They don't. But at least they propose some cuts. Imagine how they'd act if they lingered past four years as chairmen. They'd want no cuts.

I concede that Senate and House members aren't suicidal. So it'll be awfully hard to get a 12-year limit through Congress. But there's a way. Don't penalize incumbents for their years in Congress. Let them start at zero, like newcomers, and stay a maximum of twelve more years. If that's still off-putting to incumbents, they could be grandfathered in their jobs. They could stay as long as they get reelected, but newly elected members could stay twelve years and no more. Under this scheme, it would take ten to twenty years to get Congress completely on the 12-year track. I'd be willing to accept this as a last resort, especially if the alternative is Congress-as-usual.

Thomas Jefferson said America needs a revolution every twenty years, or something like that. He overstated it, but he was drifting in the right direction. We don't need a revolution, but we do need more turnover in Congress. The learning curve on Capitol Hill is such that most senators and congressmen know the ropes by their second or third year in office. By then, they're capable of chairing a committee. By their fourth or fifth year, they've mingled enough with their colleagues so they've either emerged as leaders, capable of being Speaker or whip or caucus chairman, or been sidetracked as followers. Steny Hoyer of Maryland, the new chairman of the House Democratic caucus, was elected in 1981, in leadership posts by 1985.

Almost by definition, members of Congress who've been in office only a few years are not entrenched. That's good. They're still worried about reelection; they keep in touch at home. After twelve years (earlier for some), they're creatures of Washington, usually safe from defeat and skeptical of sentiment outside the Beltway. Not all of them succumb—Republican Representative Henry Hyde of Illinois, first elected in 1974, hasn't—but most do. It's sad, but very, very correctible. □

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THE RAPE OF POLAND AND THE DEATH OF HOPE

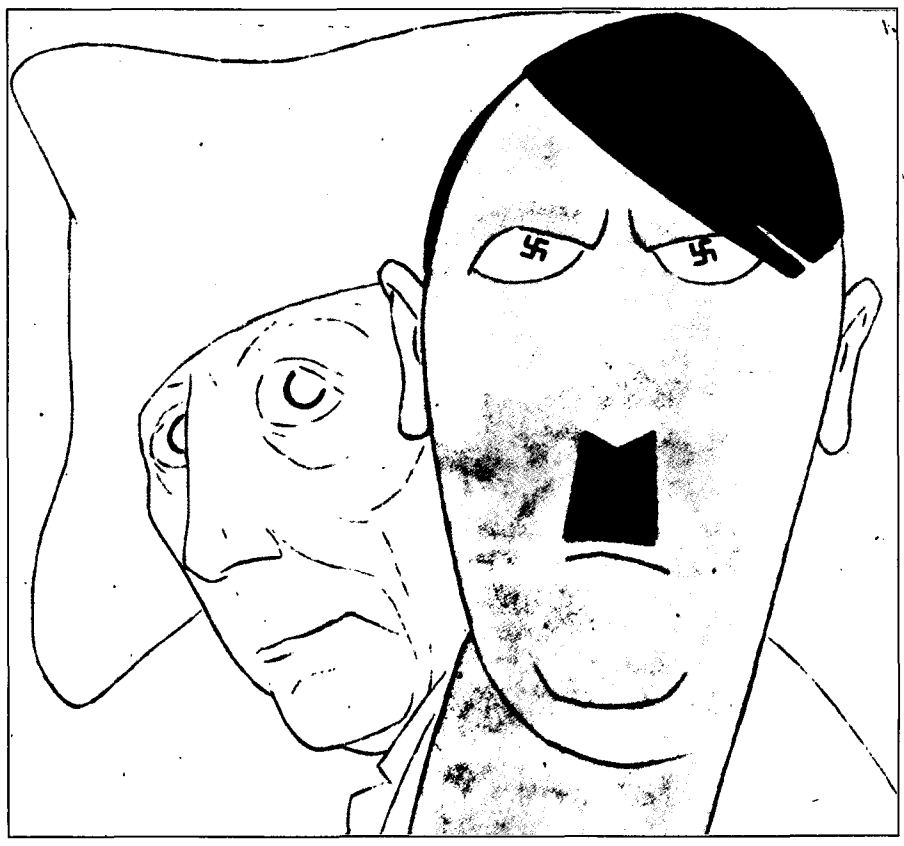
Fifty years after the outbreak of World War II, is Western man any wiser?

Men have always possessed an immense capacity for savagery and there has never been any danger that this capacity might atrophy for want of use. Yet no other period in human history even begins to compare with our own century—in so many ways the most sensible and humane of times—for barbarity and murderousness. And while the twentieth century was already well along its terrible course by September 1, 1939—the Great War had claimed its ten million dead, and the Soviet project of extermination at least as many, though it was far from over—that date has established itself as the most famous, and the most infamous, in modern history. The outbreak of the Second World War marked the time when worse came to worst; it inaugurated an epoch of incomparable sorrow, and most especially for that part of Europe where the war had its start.

With the German invasion of Poland that September 1, the world began to understand, though dimly just yet, how significant an advance modernity had made since the last general slaughter over twenty years before. In no other art is genuine innovation so immediate and so telling in its effect as in the art of war: it has the power to render the previous day's avant-garde instantly defunct. Within forty-eight hours of the Nazi invasion nothing much remained of the Polish air force, its 500 finest warplanes bombed to pieces where they sat on the ground. The *Luftwaffe* bombed and strafed not only military targets but also open cities. A week's bombardment killed 10,000 in Warsaw alone. Devastation came from above, and everyone walking the earth was fair game: this was the most striking feature of the *Blitzkrieg*, however memorable certain sidelights might have been, such as the spectacle of Polish horsemen charging Panzer tanks. For the first time, this was to be a war conducted in great measure against civilian populations. In this opening attack were foretold the airborne terrors of the London blitz, Dresden, Hiroshima, and also the purely earthbound terrors of the roundups, the mass executions, the common graves, and the crematoria.

By 1936, wrote George Orwell after war broke out, everyone knew war was inevitable, and the only question was when it would start. Yet up to the very moment war began, decent people who should have known better continued to believe—or at any rate to behave as though they believed—that peace was theirs to preserve if only they urged peaceableness emphatically enough. On August 24, 1939, as Germany menaced Poland, demanding Danzig and access to it through the Polish Corridor—despite the diplomatic formalities, Hitler had in fact already decided simply to take all he wanted—President Roosevelt sent telegrams to Hitler and the president of Poland, imploring them to come to reasonable terms and stay clear of war. President Moscicki assured FDR that Poland was really not inclined to undertake the conquest of Germany just then or any time soon; Hitler, ungraciously, did not reply. The Pope added his concerned advice to President Roosevelt's, declaring himself "unwilling to abandon hope that pending negotiations may lead to a just pacific solution." Hitler did not have much to say to that, either.

Sadly, as Machiavelli has instructed, hope, like faith and charity, has its rightful place among the supreme Christian virtues, but political life frequently requires virtues of a different sort: the man who has no defense against a potent enemy but the hope that his enemy will do the decent thing is very likely to get it in the neck. The awful thing about hope is that hope tends to die, almost inevitably, incapable as it is of doing anything else. All the same, it generally does not die easily. The British poet Louis MacNeice reported in 1940 that he had just met an American professor who was sure Hitler could still be brought round to do the right thing, if only President Roosevelt and the Pope got together and talked some sense into him. It is not entirely certain that President Roosevelt, who remarked before the Yalta Conference that he was sure Stalin could be brought round, if only he had the chance to talk some sense into him—no need for any Popes, even—would have disagreed.



The hope decent people had after the First World War that peaceableness alone would make peace last should have died sooner. It was the horrific memory the great democracies had of the First World War that made war unthinkable, and that consequently made the Second World War inevitable. During World War I men died and died in numbers no one had ever before dared to imagine. The loss of Europe's best young men, measurable in megadeaths, crippled even the victorious powers. What caused the Great War's unexampled carnage was an essential strategic misapprehension, of which all the participating nations were guilty: the conviction, maintained in the face of strong evidence to the contrary, that the correct way to break through a defense of machine gun and heavy artillery fire was to send wave upon wave of men straight at it. This deadly folly became the grounds for widespread repudiation of the very idea of the political life men had always known, the life of men in nations. Under the circumstances—the circumstances being that duty, honor, and country were pure madness—the decent thing to do was to sever one's traditional native attachments, and to live an innocuous life strictly in private, or to devote oneself to advancing the socialist dream of a world without frontiers,

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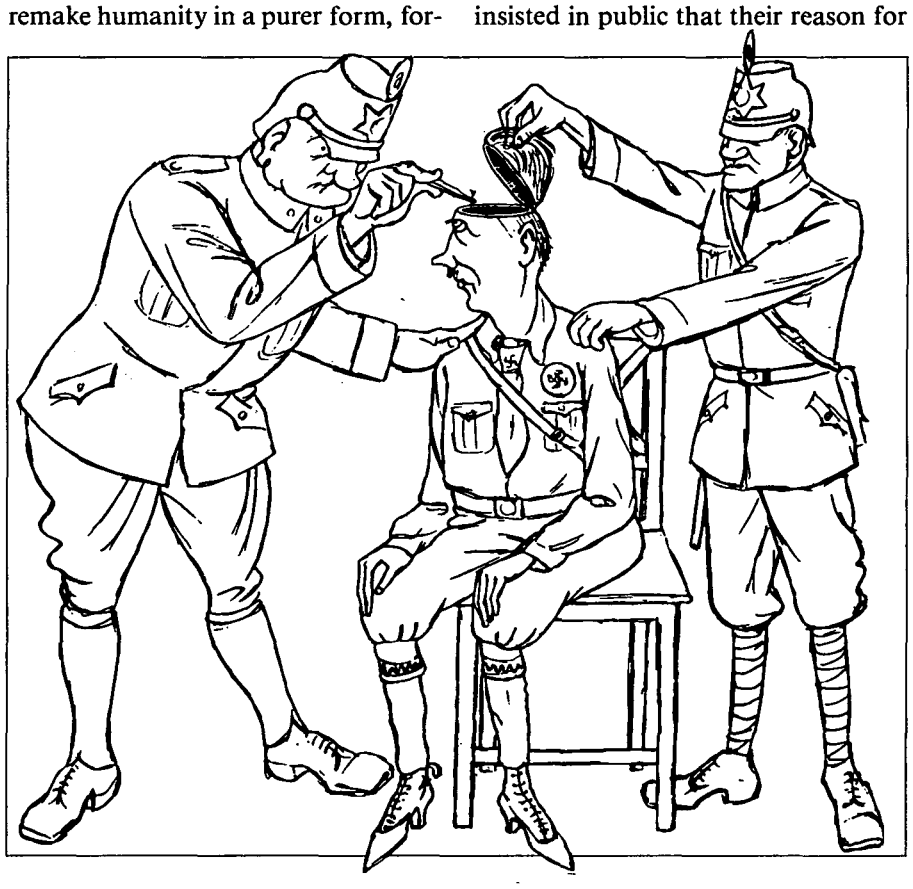
where such awful things as war could never happen.

This kind of thinking was certainly understandable, but it was nevertheless tragically mistaken. Suffering from the moral equivalent of shell shock, the powers that could have stopped Hitler, and for that matter Stalin, before they committed their abominations stood by and watched instead, hopefully. E. M. Forster declared he would rather betray his country than his friend; the Oxford University Union issued its notorious resolution in 1933 not to fight for king or country; several graduates of Cambridge, for their part, in the service of a utopian fantasy common at the time, became spies for the Soviet Union; Neville Chamberlain agreed that Hitler had "no evil intent" as Germany devoured Austria, Czechoslovakia, *und so weiter*; British businessmen continued to sell Germany indispensable war materials up to the end of August 1939; and the British army was still scarcely better equipped eight months into the Second World War than it had been in 1918.

Wisdom came hard, as wisdom tends to do, and it came too late. While good men averted their eyes, unprecedented evil grew steadily in malignity and force. The Great War, however extreme its destructiveness, had been a manifestation of politics as usual; had the Kaiser won, the world might have been a somewhat crueler place, for a time anyway, but it would have remained essentially the same place it had always been. In the Great War's aftermath, however, and particularly in the nations that had lost most in that war, Germany and Russia, there emerged two new species of political order, each with its own demoniacal aspiration to remake humanity in a purer form, forever. The unique misfortune of the smaller nations of Central and Eastern Europe was to be caught between these powers, and to suffer in turn the worst that each was capable of doing—which is to say, the worst things that men have ever done.

With the signing of the Molotov-Ribbentrop Pact on August 23, 1939, Hitler and Stalin arranged to help each other do these things. Their nonaggression treaty, which was made public at that time, nonplussed the democracies, who had placed their hopes in the Soviet Union as an unyielding enemy of fascism. (The Soviet Union had known better than to place any such hopes in the democracies.) What would have outraged the good democrats still further, had they known about it, was the "Secret Additional Protocol" to the treaty, uncovered only after the war, with the capture of the German archives; this protocol, along with three others added a few weeks later, provided for the division of Eastern Europe—specifically, Poland, Lithuania, Latvia, Estonia, Rumania—between the Nazis and the Soviets, "in the event of a territorial and political transformation of these territories. . . ." Some eventualities are virtual certainties. On September 3, the Nazis secretly extended the Soviets an invitation to assist in Poland's subjugation and to claim their rightful share of the take in eastern Poland. The Soviets readily agreed, but insisted in public that their reason for entering Poland—or what had been Poland, for they reasoned that the Polish state with which they had had a nonaggression treaty no longer existed—was to protect their "Ukrainian and White Russian brothers" from harm. The Soviet Union invaded Poland on September 17, and before long everyone came to harm.



So it was that the terror struck Poland from both sides at once. In the first two months of war, the Germans murdered 5,000 Polish Jews and initiated other measures—driving two million Jews into ghettos, beginning to starve them—for their eventual extinction. Nor did other Poles escape the Nazis' attention. In the Extraordinary Pacification Campaign of 1940, 15,000 Polish priests, teachers, and politicians were shot or shipped off to Dachau. The Nazis slated the entire Polish nobility for annihilation, along with clergymen and intellectuals. During 1939 and 1940, the Soviets, for their part, loaded up freight cars bound for Siberia or the Arctic with two million Poles; half of them were dead within a year of deportation. The Soviets and the Nazis even exchanged prisoners—the Gestapo swapping, say, Ukrainians for Jews—so that each of the allies would have the opportunity to eliminate precisely the enemies it found most loathsome. In the spring of 1940, 15,000 Poles whom the Soviets were holding prisoner, including 4,500 officers of the Polish army, disappeared. Three years later the officers turned up in the Katyn Forest, where the Germans discovered them in a mass grave. Each of the officers had been shot in the back of the head with a German bullet. The Soviets naturally blamed the Nazis for the massacre, and many in the West naturally believed them. While the Soviets continue to admit nothing, earlier this year an official publication of the Communist government in Poland, its tongue loosened by glasnost, indicated the Soviets had in fact been the executioners.

President Moscicki assured FDR that Poland was really not inclined to undertake the conquest of Germany just then or any time soon.

The story would be a similar one throughout Eastern Europe. And amid this general destruction, in which every nation suffered terribly, no other people suffered as the Jews did: every last one condemned to die, as the Jewish theologian Emil Fackenheim has written, for the unpardonable crime of having been born. The attempt to exterminate the Jews was the single most terrible aspect of the war: for genocide is not only the worst crime one people can commit against another, but also, short of universal destruction, perhaps the most severe crime against humanity, against the natural variety of mankind. The Jewish people survived this assault; the culture they had made in that part of the world did not. Of the 60,000 Jews of Vilna, "the Jerusalem of Lithuania," center of both Talmudic and secular Jewish learning, sometime home to legendary thinkers and rabbis, all but some 2,000 died. The nearly 400,000 Jews of Warsaw, one-third of the city's population, were reduced to a similar fragment. Less than one Polish Jew in ten managed to get through the war alive. Those who survived could never hope to remake the world they had once known.

It is only by comparison with the Holocaust that the other crimes against Poland are anything less than supremely monstrous. Of a population numbering some 30 million, six million Poles, including nearly three million Polish Jews, died. Millions more who had fled the country or been deported were to remain in exile. The terror in Poland did not end with the war, of course. Forces of the Polish underground fought the Soviets well into 1947, before they were done in. The democratic allies, exhausted by war and blinded by sentimental illusion which could not admit that their sometime friend was as barbaric as their foulest enemy, preferred to sit this one out. Afterward, the Soviets tried the wartime partisans of the Polish Home Army for the crimes of banditry and fascist collaboration, and condemned Polish soldiers who had fought with the democratic allies as imperialist agents. Official Soviet history blamed Poland's agony exclusively on the Nazi evil, which the singular heroism of the Red Army and Communist partisans had extinguished. Polish culture, which had enjoyed a triumphant surge of achievement between the wars, and which had drawn much of its ardent strength from the West, now was crushed under the dead weight of barbarism.

The Poles remained in slavery, and no one else was about to fight for their freedom. The struggle of the Polish people to regain that freedom on their own has been at once among the most pitiable and the most thrilling spectacles of the postwar world. Yet the West once again offers the East little but its hope that the tyrant, weary of tyranny, will at last turn out to be liberty's true champion; and one cannot but think that whatever might become of today's hope, certain lessons history has to teach are likely never to be learned. □

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Ambrose Evans-Pritchard

ARGENTINA DRIFTS TOWARD DISASTER

Our correspondent reports on the wages of Peronism's economic sins—and expects little repentance from Carlos Menem, for all the new president's charm and good intentions.

Buenos Aires

The monthly inflation rate in Argentina reached 115 percent in June. Interest rates were much higher. At one point they were 548 percent a month. By my calculation that adds up to annual interest rates of about 52,000,000,000 percent *above* the rate of inflation. One might have thought that this would dampen enthusiasm on the stock market, but apparently it did not. In June alone the Bolsa Argentina rose 152 percent in dollar terms. Over the last five months it has outperformed every stock market in the world by massive proportions.

This is very peculiar. Argentina does not conform to any of the usual norms of financial behavior. To help understand the speculative game there is *El Cronista Comercial* or *El Ambito Financiero*, dense newspapers packed with page after page of incredibly detailed bond listings, daily changes in monetary circulation, hourly changes in the currency rates, and so on. "People eat these papers for breakfast. If you miss a couple of days you can get wiped out," I was told by a grinning, cheerful banker. He looked like one of the beneficiaries of the Great Argentine Inflation of 1989. The streets are full of elegant people who do not seem too bothered by *la situacion*. Men stroll about in beautiful cashmere coats. Gorgeous women dressed from head to toe in black leather sit drinking tea or hot chocolate in the *confiterias* of downtown Buenos Aires.

The state is bankrupt, but the people still have a residue of wealth. After forty years of high inflation any Argentine with wits has learned how to protect his savings from the depredations of the government. It is not like the German inflation of 1923 when the middle class was caught unawares. Argentines have already expatriated their savings and hold an estimated $30 billion to $50 billion in foreign banks. According to pollster Manolo Mora y Araujo, about five percent of the population get a significant income from these holdings. Another five percent are involved in the export business. These two groups are still enjoying filet mignon in the long cavernous steak halls of the capital. Indeed, they have never had it so good. It costs two or three dollars for an immense *bife de lomo*, with an *ensalada Waldorf*, and an exquisite wine from the Andes.

There is a further $6 billion inside Argentina, held by all kinds of people. A maintenance worker told me he had been stashing away dollars for several years. Perhaps as much as a third of the total population hold cash dollars, buried in the garden, tucked under the floorboards, plastered into the wall—anywhere beyond the reach of thieves and the state. I heard one story about a family that kept their savings frozen inside a pie, but lost everything when grandma defrosted the fridge and chucked the pie into the garbage. These local dollars are worth about ten times the total monetary base of the Argentine austral. In other words, the working currency of the country (M1) is the dollar. Houses, cars, machinery, and now even television sets are bought and sold in cash dollars. Assets have a steady value, and in the eyes of many Argentines it is the austral that is going down, not prices that are going up, which may explain why there are so few signs of hyperinflationary panic among the middle classes.

It is amazing how easily you adapt to a monthly inflation rate of 115 percent (one million percent annual) so long as you know your wealth is protected. Most shops put up their prices in jumps of perhaps 15 percent every three or four days, rather than marking up each day, and you soon become an expert at the arithmetic of relative prices. The inflation rate is expected to reach 200 percent in July (50 million percent annual), however, and if it keeps going up the economy will soon cross the threshold into chaos.

There are already colossal problems. The insurance industry is paralyzed because it takes so long to process claims that the payment is already worthless when it arrives. More and more doctors are refusing to accept medical insurance. Commercial contracts are no longer enforced because Argentine law allows contracts to be broken in "unforeseen circumstances," which of course include hyperinflation. "The whole sense of obligation and trust is breaking down. It's every one out for himself now," says Dr. Ricardo Zinn, president of the conservative Carlos Pellegrini Foundation.

Dollarization is the last thread that holds the economic fabric together. It is probably a bad thing. "This country needs to be flattened, destroyed, like Germany in 1945. Then we can start again from scratch," said a central bank official, returning after several years abroad. Instead, the people who make decisions in Argentina are shielded from the full horror of what is happening. They know the country is headed for collapse, but the temptation to try to muddle through is still too strong. With ever more inventive forms of dollar indexation the economy can doubtless be kept alive for months, perhaps years, yet the delay is disastrous because the society is disintegrating. The other nation, the two-thirds of the population who have kept their money in australs, have no savings to fall back on, while their salaries have fallen to Bolivian levels.

Take Hugo, for instance, a 50-year-old cleaner at a parish school, who like so many Argentine workers has the class militancy of a British miner. In July he expects to earn about 45,000 australs with overtime. It takes four hours and six buses to get to and from work each day, at a total cost of 320 australs, which adds up to about 8,000 a month. His family consumes one liter of milk a day costing 120, and twelve rolls of bread costing 300, which together add up to 12,600 a month. He therefore spends nearly half his salary on buses, bread, and milk. Hugo has a good job. He earns double the minimum wage. →

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Argentine poverty is unlike anything I have ever seen in Latin America. Shanty towns here are known as *villas miserias*, or miseryvilles. In Peru they are called *pueblos jovenes*—young towns. It is a telling distinction. In the *pueblos jovenes* of Lima there is an extraordinary spirit of self-improvement. Destitute peasants come from the countryside, stake out a lot on open land, and build a cardboard shack with a sheet of plastic as a roof. Then comes the miracle. Buying one brick at a time they turn their shacks into houses and within a decade they have created a thriving neighborhood. I once visited a two-year-old shanty town in Lima and was struck by two things: there were no men around because they had all gone off to the city to work or look for work; and the place was run with Prussian discipline, without any help from the state. The squatters had organized their own garbage burning system and they had improvised a school in which the mothers themselves did the teaching while rows of little children sat patiently on the floor.

Argentine poverty reminds me of Northeast Washington, D.C. I spent an afternoon in a *villa miseria* on the outskirts of Buenos Aires known as *La Cava*. There were men hanging around everywhere, and they gave me rather menacing looks as I walked down the muddy streets trying to keep my feet out of the filthy open drains. The women were much more welcoming. I was invited into the concrete house of an old woman who said she had lived there since 1952. There was a television set, two cats, and pictures of Evita and Juan Peron all over the grimy walls. Her husband had worked for forty years on the railways and she gets a widow's pension of 22,000 australs ($35) a month, which she spends as quickly as possible on sugar, pasta, and cooking oil before the prices go up. She explained that water and electricity had been installed in the barrio in 1958 and for many years it was a typical working-class neighborhood. "There used to be lovely houses here, then it became a *villa miseria*." *La Cava* is a witness to urban decay, not the Malthusian curse of landless peasants fleeing to the cities so common in the Third World.

I was introduced to her neighbor, a thin stringy woman in a tattered dress who said she worked as a maid in the wealthy suburb of San Isidro. She makes 78 australs (12 cents) an hour. A dozen eggs cost 600 australs, or about eight hours work. How does she survive? "I'm fine, fine, you see they feed me, they give me lunch. It's my lad I'm worried about," she said, putting her hand on the shoulder of a 17-year-old boy, who was recently laid off by IBM. "I smuggle him food—bread, scraps of meat, whatever I can get hold of. . . . We can't go on like this," she cried, bursting into tears. "What's he going to do? He's a good lad, he's struggled so hard . . . Please! You can find him a job, can't you, please!"

At the turn of the century this huge fertile country of Italian and Spanish immigrants was one of the richest in the world. Only the English-speaking peoples of Britain, America, Canada, and Australia had a higher income per capita. It is the parallel with Australia that is most striking. Until the Second World War Argentina had an economic profile very like her twin in the Southern Hemisphere. Both exported meat and grains to Europe and both were dominated by British capital, which built the railways, the ports, and the electricity systems. The Argentines were more cosmopolitan, more noted for their wealth. It was a time when the owners of the immense *estancias* spent half the year at their summer houses in Biarritz, or at their apartments on the Place Vendome in Paris. Argentines were too fond of Europe, perhaps, for they never quite came to terms with Argentina. In 1914 a third of all residents were foreign born and yet only two percent had chosen to become naturalized Argentines, an astonishing figure in comparison with immigrants to the United States. For many Italians Argentina was a job, not a country. Hundreds of thousands of Calabrians and Sicilians came over on steamboats each year to work the season on the Pampa and then return home. "We have no national identity. There is no commonweal, no *res publica*," lamented President Domingo Sarmiento toward the end of the nineteenth century. Fifty years later little had changed.

This did not matter too much as long as the British ran the economy and the government was kept to a minimum. But in 1943 a group of pro-Axis army officers seized power and began creating the corporate monster that has ruined Argentina. The pace quickened when a young colonel named Juan Peron was pushed to the fore by the United Workers Federation, and with breathtaking speed the credit, commerce, and industrial base of Argentina passed into the hands of the state. It was a generous state. Peron's *descamisados*, his shirtless ones, were given a job for life, retirement at 60 for men and 55 for women, and handsome wages mortgaged against the future greatness of the country. *Justicialismo* was born.

The expansion of the state alone, however, cannot account for the fiasco of the next forty years. Peron was only doing what had already been done by the labor governments in Australia. The difference was the xenophobic relish with which he confiscated British assets, his contempt for enterprise, and his inflammatory politicization, so typical of *dirigiste* movements in Latin America. Peron admired Mussolini but he was a poor student of Italian fascism, for he failed dismally to coopt the business sector and create a functioning corporate state. Instead he created a partisan state, one without authority, discipline, or consensus. And it kept growing. Over the years one faction after another commandeered the state, each using it for advantage and adding yet more layers of privilege. It is not just the labor unions that have entrenched themselves, paralyzing any government that dares to take them on. Argentine business is corrupted by monopoly, and inside deals, and subcontraction to the state. The uniforms of railway workers, for instance, are supplied privately for $350 each, at least ten times the cost that could be expected in open tender. Marcos Victorica, director of a free enterprise think tank in Buenos Aires, estimates that the treasury hands out $8 billion a year (a fifth of the budget) to the private sector in overpayments, subsidies, and special tax exemptions.

The streets are full of elegant people who do not seem too bothered by *la situacion*.

But more than anything else it was Third World disease that caused Argentina's per capita income to fall from near parity with Australia in 1945 to a mere fifth today. Let us call it Prebischism, in honor of the late Argentine economist, Raul Prebisch. He was perhaps the most influential of a school of development theorists who argued that Third World countries are locked into underdevelopment because the "terms of trade" are forever turning against them, forcing them to export more and more coffee, or meat, or copper, in order to buy the same tractor from the West. To break out of the trap, these countries must turn inwards, close off their economy with high tariffs, and build their own industrial base.

There never was much evidence for this theory, and now we know that it was calamitously mistaken. The Asian dragons have reached industrial takeoff by doing just the opposite, by pursuing *export*-led growth, while dozens of countries in Africa and Latin America have languished in poverty as they clung to the religion of import substitution.

Argentina was a pioneer of Prebischism. Juan Peron took the economy into isolation and began to plunder the rural wealth of the Pampa to pay for his urban industrial dream. The export trade was nationalized and farmers were forced to sell their produce to a state marketing board at prices that fell further and further behind the world price. In 1948 Peron was selling wheat to the British at £4.8 a sack while only paying the farmers £1.3. It amounted to a 73 percent tax. The farmers took their revenge. The area sown with grains fell by 40 percent between 1939 and 1948. Faced with a balance-of-payments crisis, Peron changed course in the 1950s and offered the farmers soft credit, but he discovered that business confidence could not be turned on and off with a switch at the central bank. The rural economy never regained its dynamism.

By contrast, there was an agricultural boom in Australia after the war. The Menzies government had an industrialization strategy as well but not at the *expense* of the farmer, so food exports continued to provide the crucial exchange for imports needed by the factories.

Prebisch had an unbelievably weird theory that the Third World ought to induce inflation deliberately in order to improve its terms of trade. In Argentina restraint was thrown to the winds. Inflation became embedded in the culture and even orthodox governments could not root it out. Over the next forty years Argentina had the highest average rate of inflation in the world, with all its poisonous effects on investment and business confidence.

In fairness to Peron and his successors, however, none were as guilty of economic crimes as Raul Alfonsin, so beloved abroad and so despised at home. "There's no doubt that Alfonsin's administration was the worst in the history of Argentina," says Roberto Catchanoski, an economic consultant.

Alfonsin came in by the front door and left by the chimney, but at least he left. For the first time in sixty years, one elected president has conceded power to another elected president from a different party. Alfonsin had no choice, of course. Who was going to keep him in office against the popular will? Not the army. It was his Radical party that imprisoned the generals for human rights abuses committed in the 1970s during the dirty war against urban terrorism, a hazardous policy when much of the population had been so am-

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bivalent about murdering leftists, and particularly hazardous for a party that through its own fabulous corruption had lost the moral authority to judge and punish others.

Alfonsin took power after the Falklands War with an immense fund of political capital, and squandered it all. None of Argentina's core problems have been solved. He failed to bring security forces back into civil society, instead leaving them so demoralized and embittered that they cannot be relied upon to uphold order, with martial law if necessary, in the chaos and looting that has already begun. Nor did he bring the bureaucracy under control. The Leviathan state is fatter than ever. The Casa Rosada, the pink fortress of the president in the Plaza de Mayo, was once again used as an employment agency for friends of the ruling party. Alfonsin added 145,000 people to the public payroll.

The American press has tended to excuse Alfonsin for bankrupting the nation, arguing that he was overwhelmed by Argentina's $60 billion foreign debt, or even blaming the Reagan Administration for not helping him enough. But the Great Inflation has nothing to do with the debt. Alfonsin suspended debt payments in April 1988. The currency did not fly out of control until early 1989. The immediate cause of the collapse of the austral was Alfonsin's attempt to keep it artificially strong against the dollar and give the illusion of price stability in order to help his party in the 1989 election. The central bank ran down Argentina's foreign reserves to almost zero by flooding the local market with dollars. It also confiscated about 80 percent of all bank deposits in exchange for IOUs, allowing the government to get hold of Argentina's internal credit without paying the full market price. It left the private sector without commercial credit, so a parallel system of financing emerged with hundreds of thousands of postdated checks circulating like currency. Alfonsin could foresee trouble when the IOUs fell due in June and July, so he moved the elections forward to May, seven months before his term ended. But it was already too late. The Argentine elite could see exactly what was going to happen and started dumping their australs in January 1989. The dollar soared and prices followed immediately. Once inflation got above 20 percent a month, tax revenues began to evaporate before they reached the treasury, creating a vicious circle of ever-rising inflation and falling tax revenues. "It was the most expensive election campaign in history," said a disgusted diplomat.

The Radicals lost anyway. The people turned to Carlos Menem, the charming governor of La Rioja. Menem is a *turco*, as they call Arabs here, and therefore by tradition a Peronist. (The much larger Jewish community is Radical, by and large, although Menem's chief of staff and confidante, Alberto Kohan, happens to be a Jew.) Both Menem's parents were Syrian Muslims from educated families, and so is his wife, the volatile, slightly mad Zulema. Menem, however, is a passionate, devotional Catholic who used to read the Bible for hours each day during the five years he was a political prisoner in the late 1970s. He was one of many Peronist leaders who were locked away by the military junta in order to decapitate the movement, then linked to the left-wing terrorists known as the *montoneros* (the mountaineers). Menem hurls himself with passion into all his pursuits: soccer, motor racing, and, above all, actresses. Asked about his women during the campaign, he replied with a chuckle: "Women? What about them? Would you rather I went out with men? . . . I can't do without *relaciones sentimentales*," he added with a candor that Gary Hart might have envied. "It's just part of my character." The Argentines were more amused than shocked.

Two-thirds of the population have no savings to fall back on, while their salaries have fallen to Bolivian levels.

Beating the disgraced Radicals in the presidential elections this year was the easy part. Menem's spectacular feat was to win the Peronist primary last year when the party machine was behind Antonio Cafiero, the experienced and urbane governor of Buenos Aires. Menem went to the pueblo, hugging and kissing the voters at tango dances and second division soccer matches. He was exuberant, and gentle. He called himself "the preacher in the desert," and sometimes, in moments of ecstasy, the "redeemer." But he never said what he would actually do. "Peronism is neither rightist, nor centrist, nor leftist," he explained. "It simply goes ahead, advancing to accomplish its sacred mission." Argentines voted with their hearts, for not one could say where this strange fellow, with long black hair and mutton chops, was going to take the country. All they had to go on was his record in the dirt-poor province of La Rioja, and it was not a promising one. Between 1983 and 1987 he had increased the number of public employees from nine percent to 23 percent of the state's population. To pay for it he created his own currency, a sort of funny money in the form of bonds. It was known in Spanish as the "Menem-card."

Businessmen watched Menem's rise to power with a mixture of fascination and horror. They feared a reign of ignorance and demagoguery. Instead they found themselves being invited to join a coalition government. Menem announced that the new economy minister would be Miguel Roig, a retired executive from the multinational trading firm Bunge & Born. It was an astounding gesture. B & B is the arch-enemy in Peronist folklore, the headquarters of financial intrigue and capitalist hegemony. The firm is so hated (and so rich) that the *montoneros* kidnapped two of the Born brothers for a $60 million ransom in 1974.

Then the word "privatization" began creeping into Menem's speeches. Once Peronist anathema, it was now to be the panacea of Argentina. Julia Maria Alsogaray was instructed to dispose of the state telephone company within 180 days. There were gasps on the Peronist benches in congress. Miss Alsogaray is a leader of the free-market liberal party (UCN). Her father, the party's presidential candidate and the living symbol of capitalist philosophy in Argentina, was asked to oversee the foreign debt. At the state oil monopoly, YPF, Menem installed Octavio Frigerio with instructions to lease out wells to foreign multinationals. Frigerio's father fought a pitched battle against the oil workers in 1958, and the symbolism of his appointment was not lost on the union.

Carrying out such intentions is another matter. Hundreds of thousands of state employees will have to be sacked if Argentina is ever to be cured, and it goes against Menem's politics of sentiment. He lacks the ideological conviction that carried Mrs. Thatcher to victory in the long and bitter miners' strike in 1984-85, and it is hard to imagine that he will keep up the assault when he meets the resistance of the United Workers Federation. But he has already proved tougher than anybody expected.

There is a joke going around Buenos Aires that the intelligence services are on alert in case a Peronist infiltrates the cabinet. It is the first time in living memory that an Argentine leader has reached out, instead of entrenching himself on one side or another of the country's rifts. Menem called it *pacificacion* in a mystical inauguration speech, full of biblical metaphors, which ended with his now famous invocation: "Argentina, arise and walk." When he took power on July 8, five months ahead of schedule, there was a surge of goodwill toward the new president. All of a sudden everybody was a Peronist. It was hard to find a soul in Buenos Aires who had not voted for the messianic *turco* from La Rioja.

The tragedy is that Menem has been let down by the capitalists he so courageously took into his trust. They encouraged him to believe that it was possible to stop hyperinflation without the shock of a recession. The emergency economic plan announced by Miguel Roig just one day after Menem took power seemed to draw loosely on the theory of Lawrence Klein, a Nobel Prize-winning economist at the University of Pennsylvania. It was technically incompetent and bound to fail. "They don't know what they're doing. You can't send a signal from the beginning that you're going to have an extremely expansionary policy," said a monetary expert at the central bank. "We now face the likelihood of total hyperinflation."

The plan involved a drastic *increase* in the money supply in order to lower interest rates abruptly from 120 percent to three percent a month, so that the vast interest rate component of the budget deficit would vanish overnight. It could have worked, conceivably, if the fiscal policy had been tougher. But instead of slashing government spending immediately, and ruthlessly, Roig turned to higher taxes and user fees. The private sector was expected to hold back its prices while the government raised the cost of gasoline, electricity, telephones, and so on, by as much as 600 percent. This colossal distortion in relative prices was accompanied by loose talk about wage increases. This was not the shock needed to shatter the psychology of inflation, and the market balked. On Friday, July 14, the dollar flew out of control on the black market and the plan, in effect, collapsed. Miguel Roig, already into his third pack of cigarettes that day, was told about the dollar as he left a Bastille Day party at the French embassy. He staggered to his car and died of a heart attack. It was the sixth day of the new government.

"You're facing a tiger, and you've got just one bullet," Menem was warned by Jeffrey Sachs, a Harvard economist who helped the Bolivians shoot their hyperinflationary tiger straight between the eyes. I fear that Menem has fired and missed. Argentina may keep up the appearance of normality for a while yet, but hyperinflation is eating away at the founda-

(continued on page 41)

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LITERARY LOGROLLING

P. J. O'Rourke reviews his pal Dave Barry's new book. In return, a grateful Dave Barry reviews his buddy P. J.'s new book. And the Cheese stands alone.

DAVE BARRY SLEPT HERE

Dave Barry/Random House/192 pp. $15.95

P. J. O'Rourke

Open a copy of *Dave Barry Slept Here* and Dave Barry's writing grabs you in the very first sentences of the introduction and if it grabs you like that again, when you hardly even know it, we think you should slap the stuff with a sexual-harassment-in-the-workplace lawsuit. Let's start over.

Pulitzer Prize–winning[1] *Miami Herald* columnist Dave Barry has written an important new history of the United States called *Dave Barry Slept Here*. You can tell it's important by the way it begins:

> "WE THE PEOPLE." These are the words that begin the Declaration of Independence. Or maybe we are thinking of the Gettysburg Address. No matter. The point is, these words are written on an extremely historic yellowed document that we, as a nation, keep in a special vault in Washington, D.C., where, each working day, it is cherished by employees of the Document Cherishing Division of the Federal Bureau of Historic Yellowed Objects.

What's important here is that we have, at last, found a historian who actually knows less about American history than we do. Some of us, personally, didn't think this was possible because some of us spent our whole year in Mrs. Wilson's eighth-grade American history class drawing radically lowered '52 Mercury coupes in our three-ring binders. But Dave obviously spent his eighth-grade American history class drawing radically lowered '52 Mercury coupes *and* surreptitiously eating Pez *and* keeping a pet mouse in his desk *and* reading articles about Nazi girls in their underwear in copies of *True* magazine hidden inside his textbook.

But Dave's an American and the last four letters of the word "American" spell "eat me." And, although that's not what they spell at all, this just goes to show that we Americans are not the type to let some little thing like complete ignorance of spelling and our entire national history stand in the way of telling everybody what's what. That's Dave all over the place, chronicling the American chronicle from salad to Sanka in a narrative worthy of the name narration.

Dave Barry Slept Here begins with that early epoch known as "The Dawn of Time/Life Books":

> . . . the Mayans were constructing a culture down in Mexico featuring a calendar so advanced that it can still, to this very day, tell you where various celestial bodies such as Venus and the Moon will be at any given moment. *They will be out in space*, states the miraculous Mayan calendar.

And *D.B.S.H.* carries us right up to the 1988 presidential election, and it can just put us down this minute. Although it doesn't make us vote again, thank God, or we'd punch it.

> This time the Republicans, determined to show the nation that they liked a joke as much as the next person, nominated George Bush, who selected as his running mate young "Dan" Quayle, a Vietnam-era veteran who had received the coveted Round Smiley Face decoration in recognition of the time he accidentally stapled his sleeve to the desk and was trapped for nearly two hours. Clearly this was a ticket that even the Democrats would have a difficult time losing to, but they worked at it and managed to come up with the ideal candidate in the form of "Mike" Dukakis, a man who, because of a tragic genetic defect, was limited to the same basic range of expressions as an iguana. He'd be making a speech, and he'd start to raise his voice, and it would look like there might be some actual emotion going on inside him, but then suddenly his tongue would flick out to snare a passing insect, and the whole effect would be ruined.

Dave Barry Slept Here is more highly informative than ordinary history books because ordinary history books are filled with facts which we immediately forget so we might as well not have read the ordinary history books, which most of us didn't. Not so with *D.B.S.H.* because it's impossible to forget what we don't know beans about, therefore we retain everything Dave tells us. For instance, we defy you to find a more highly informative description of how a bill becomes a law than this aptly titled section of Chapter Seven:

> **How a Bill Becomes a Law**
>
> 1. A Member of Congress notices that there is some problem afflicting the nation. For example, he might notice that the nation is not observing a sufficient quantity of idiot official days and weeks, such as National Tractor Mechanic Awareness Week, and so he introduces a bill to correct this problem.
>
> 2. The bill is referred to a committee, which forms a subcommittee for the purpose of going to Geneva, Switzerland, to see if there are any facts there that might be useful.
>
> 3. The bill is reported back to the committee, which holds hearings and receives testimony from interested parties such as the American Aspirin Bottle Manufacturers Association.
>
> 4. Needed amendments are attached to the bill, for example an amendment designed to protect the American consumer from the potential dangers of aspirin bottles manufactured by unfair foreign competitors.
>
> 5. The bill is reported out of committee.
>
> 6. Everybody goes on vacation for a couple of weeks.
>
> 7. The bill is reported back to committee.
>
> 8. The bill is reported to the police.
>
> 9. The Supreme Court declares the bill to be unconstitutional.
>
> 10. The Cheese stands alone.

Not only is *Dave Barry Slept Here* highly informative, it's also brimful of critical exegesis, whatever the word "exegesis" may mean. Note this analysis of the contribution of women and minority groups during the colonial era:

> Another important fact that we just now remembered is that during the colonial era women and minority groups were making many contributions, which we are certain that they will continue to do at regularly spaced intervals throughout the course of this book.

There is only one serious flaw to *Dave Barry Slept Here*, although it is a very serious flaw indeed. And this serious flaw is that it's impossible to write a book review of *Dave Barry Slept Here* which is more amusing than the book. Why, the whole point of book reviewing is to write a book review which is more amusing than the book.

You see, here's how the book-reviewing racket works. A guy like Arthur Schlesinger, Jr. spends years shuffling index cards in musty JFK memorial libraries. Then he spends more years wearing his pinkies to a nub on large, complicated word processor keyboards and more years yet compiling a huge, long index with all his friends' names in it. Meanwhile we book reviewers have been kicking back around the house watching *Emmanuelle III* on the VCR, drinking blue margaritas and betting the Pistons over the Lakers. Finally, after years and years and years of effort, Arthur Schlesinger, Jr. publishes a great big book called something like *The American Circus Bear on the Unicycle of History*. Then we book reviewers sit down at the old Remington portable and, in three minutes flat, type out a book review reading, "Aw, get out of here, your mother's calling you."

True, that's not a very amusing book review but it's more amusing than an Arthur Schlesinger, Jr. book and shorter, too. But *Dave Barry Slept Here* is already pretty short, only 192 pages in big print with drawings. And Dave is so annoyingly and consistently more amusing than a book review that we book reviewers are reduced to the pathetic expedient of just quoting passages of his book verbatim—a technique which, when used anywhere except a book review, is called plagiarism:

> When Lincoln assumed the presidency, he was clean-shaven, but one day he got a letter from a little girl suggesting that he grow a beard. So he did, and he thought it looked pretty good, so he decided to keep it. A short while later, he got another letter from the little girl, this time suggesting that he wear mascara and rouge and maybe a simple

[1]Really.

P. J. O'Rourke, investigative humorist for Rolling Stone, *is author of* Republican Party Reptile, Holidays in Hell, *and, most recently,* Modern Manners.

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string of pearls. Fortunately, just then the Civil War broke out.

. . . the Temperance Movement, led by Carrie Nation, who headed an organization called Scary-Looking Women with Hatchets. They would swoop down upon saloons and smash all the whiskey bottles, then go back to their headquarters, fire up reefers as big as Roman candles, and laugh until dawn. This resulted in so much social turmoil that in 1918 Congress decided to have a total prohibition on alcohol, which was approved early on a Saturday morning by a vote of 9-2, with 416 members unable to attend because of severe headaches.

The era immediately after World War I came to be known as the "Roaring Twenties," and with good reason: Each of the years had a "twenty" in it, as in 1923, 1925, and so forth.

As damaging as the revelations were, matters got even worse for Nixon when one of the tapes was found to contain, at a crucial juncture, an eighteen-minute gap where nothing could be heard except a hum. This was the last straw: The American public simply would not tolerate a president who would fritter away eighteen minutes humming during a crucial juncture.

Naturally by the time we book reviewers have selected and retyped a bunch of quotations such as these we have worked ourselves into an immense jealous snit, and this is the point at which we turn our heretofore remarkably fair and impartial review of *Dave Barry Slept Here* into a bitter, vicious *ad hominem* attack on Dave Barry. Boy, is Dave going to be sorry when he finds an *ad* of bitter, vicious *hominems* clawing their way through the jalousie windows of his Florida room.

To wit: Did you know that Dave Barry actually won a Pulitzer Prize for commentary in 1988 but still cannot keep a part in his hair? We're not making this up. We visited Dave Barry at his hotel room in New Orleans during last year's Republican party convention and personally caught him having a can of male hair mousse in his bathroom. When Dave Barry doesn't use male hair mousse all his hair just falls straight forward the way the Beatles' hair used to before they got old and, in one case, dead.

Not only that but Dave Barry *drives a van.* We're not kidding. He drives a big van with custom windows with Levelor blinds in them and captain's chair-type swivel seats and a double-loud heavy metal tape cassette system with reverb. We bet Arthur Schlesinger, Jr. doesn't ride around in something with an "If it's rockin'—Don't come knockin' " bumper sticker. We bet Arthur Schlesinger, Jr. drives a Volvo that doesn't even have a nude babe on a Harley-Davidson painted on the side.

Furthermore, if Dave Barry doesn't quit writing important, amusing, and short books which fail to make book reviewers look important, amusing, and tall by comparison, we are going to tell the Pulitzer Prize Committee the truth about Dave's "commentary." *He makes it all up.* That's right, just like Janet Cooke at the *Washington Post.* When Dave Barry writes something of this type—

. . . heavy industry started to rise, thanks to the work of heavy industrialists such as Andrew "Dale" Carnegie, who made a fortune going around the country holding seminars in which he taught people how to win friends by making steel.

—*it isn't true.* So there, Dave Barry. You're going to have to give that Pulitzer Prize back to Roxanne Pulitzer now, and you're probably going to have to give her the van, too. □

MODERN MANNERS: AN ETIQUETTE BOOK FOR RUDE PEOPLE

P. J. O'Rourke/Atlantic Monthly Press/300 pp. $16.95

Dave Barry

I can't think of a person who's better qualified to write a book about manners than P. J. O'Rourke. Mr. O'Rourke happens to be a personal friend of mine, and I know for a fact that at the core of his being is a large natural wad of graciousness. He is the kind of man who, when it's time to settle the bar tab, is quick to say: "Here! Let my publisher pay for this! or your publisher!" Also he is discreet. If Mr. O'Rourke happens to be in your hotel bathroom because you have graciously allowed him to use your toilet after graciously allowing him to consume the vast majority of the little scotch bottles from your mini-bar, and he happens to notice, amongst your private and personal toiletry items, a small container of hair mousse that is certainly no business of his (although he could certainly use *some* kind of hair-grooming aid), then by God you can count on him not to mention this fact when he reviews a book that you have written. That is the kind of etiquette sensibility we are talking about here.

Which is why I strongly recommend *Modern Manners.* This is not some namby-pamby tome about irrelevant issues such as which knife you're supposed to use to butter your scone. This is etiquette for the *real world,* the world in which one is considered a selfless public servant if one resigns from one's government post before one is indicted, and in which a typical Hollywood couple has to have at least four children together before they are considered to be seriously dating. To understand the rules of etiquette in such a world takes a rare individual, one who combines the acute social awareness of Miss Manners with the broad moral outlook of Darth Vader.

Such a person is P. J. O'Rourke, and what he has given us, in *Modern Manners,* is a set of "rules to live by in a world with no rules." He covers *everything,* starting with how you can develop an entirely new and interesting persona for yourself, complete with ancestors, to replace the boring and socially incorrect persona that you probably have now. He even has some thoughtful suggestions as to what you can do about your current, embarrassing family—"tiresome Dad with his mailman shoes and his job selling wholesale something, and out-of-it Mom with her Mrs. George Bush hair and the pseudo-colonial ranch in Dayton Acres with a Chevrolet Celebrity in the attached garage." What does Mr. O'Rourke recommend? "The only possible thing you can do with a family like this," he writes, thoughtfully, "is kill them. You'll probably get out of the mental hospital in five or six years, and when you do there'll be a fat book contract waiting. Tell your ghostwriter, 'I did it because of the pole lamps.' Every sensitive person will understand."

Some of the other topics that are addressed by Mr. O'Rourke and no other etiquette expert in the known universe are:

—Being Insane
—The Proper Use of Self-Destruction
—Food Fights
—Regurgitation Courtesy
—Heroin
—When Should a Man Get an Erection?
—The Horrible Wedding
—Things to Say When Dying

Mr. O'Rourke offers just tons of sensitive advice on these and other topics, including:

• *The social advantages of claiming that you have at least one black ancestor:* "Up North, confess your bloodline freely. There's nothing a northerner likes better than a black person who is completely white."

• *When to wear hats:* "A hat should be taken off when you greet a lady and left off for the rest of your life. Nothing looks more stupid than a hat."

• *How to flatter your sex partner:* "Restrict quantitative compliments to men. 'You sure have a big ass' is not considered flattery by most women."

• *Group dancing:* "The purpose of the bunny hop, like the purpose of many group activities, is to do extensive damage that cannot be attributed to any one person."

• *Sportsmanship:* "A good winner always praises the efforts of his opponents. He says something like 'I'm sure you would have beaten me, Frank, if you weren't so fat.' "

Along the way Mr. O'Rourke provides many fascinating and possibly even true facts, such as that "the Weather Underground is now a softball team with games scheduled against the FBI and several grand juries." He also includes, as a bonus, a whole section on how to speak French without really learning anything about it, with many useful phrases such as "Vouz faire de hell out of here." In short, this is a highly authoritative, extremely useful book, and it would be very rude of you not to buy it. □

Dave Barry, author of Dave Barry Slept Here: A Short History of the United States, *is a nationally syndicated columnist for the* Miami Herald.

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I'M A POLE WATCHER

by Thomas Swick

Standing with a group of Poles the first Saturday in June I thought to myself: there may be one or two here who dreamed that one day they would vote in a Polish election, but there cannot be any who imagined that their trip to the ballot box would begin in a parking lot of Lord & Taylor in Bala Cynwyd, Pennsylvania.

The bus was already parked near some trees at twenty minutes to nine when my wife, Hania (who is Polish), and I arrived with another couple, Damian and Iza, and their two young sons. Damian is an ophthalmologist, working at Temple University for a year, and his family had joined him only a week before. This meant that Iza's first excursion in the United States was going to be to her own consulate to vote. We were soon joined by acquaintances of theirs, Krzysztof and Urszula, both from Warsaw and now living, temporarily, in West Philadelphia, where Krzysztof has a two-year position at the Wistar Institute.

Gradually, more cars pulled up and families emerged, occasionally carrying thermoses and bags of supplies. (The sun was already warm in a cloudless sky.) It was easy to tell which children had been in America the longest: they wore the more extravagant hats. A boy of six or seven sported a green one designed to resemble a frog, with two eyes set at the front and a tongue inserted between the bifurcated visor. Damian's two boys, by contrast, wore soft, pliable, promotional hats that carried the name of their donor—*Głos Szczeciński* (The Szczecin Voice)—printed on the sides.

The organizer of the trip, Janusz, a regional economist at Penn, arrived with his wife and three children, all of whom (with the exception of Janusz) were dressed in T-shirts declaring: "Filadelfia głosuje na Solidarność" (Philadelphia votes for Solidarity). Turning around they displayed a computer print-out image of Lech Walesa, circa 1981. Our friends Leszek and Joanna soon connected to the group, having left their two daughters with Leszek's mother, now visiting from Warsaw, and bringing along Joanna's brother, Marek, more recently arrived. Marek also works at Wistar, as a researcher in immunology, with Leszek virtually across the street, at the University of Pennsylvania hospital, where he has an appointment as a research assistant professor of physiology. Mirek, another Penn economist, appeared with his wife Marzena, who teaches in the Slavic department, their four-year-old daughter, Klaudina, and Marzena's mother, who had come for a few months from Gdansk.

Hania and I found seats in the middle of the bus, in front of Janusz's sister-in-law, Marysia, and her husband Grzegorz. Marysia wore a Solidarity T-shirt, with the red, familiar jumbled script painted black, and a smaller message printed beneath it: "Another word for freedom." The children occupied the back. There were no empty seats. Shortly after nine the driver pulled out onto City Line Avenue and headed toward the Pennsylvania Turnpike. The atmosphere was vaguely reminiscent of a sports club outing: a couple of cloth calendars, one with a picture of Walesa, the other of the Pope, had been hung against some windows, and a bouquet of red and white carnations teetered precariously from the luggage rack. Hanna, Janusz's wife, took the microphone to sell her T-shirts: $12 for adults, $10 for children. "You can have your own picture instead of Walesa's," she advertised, to a chorus of laughter. "Or your mother-in-law's." Small red and white Polish flags sold better at $1.25.

People moved freely up and down the aisles, exchanging news and reading material. Solidarity's voting information sheets were distributed to every passenger. Thursday's issue of the *New York Times*, with a front-page story on the Soviet weightlifter denouncing the KGB, was eagerly passed around, as was the article by Timothy Garton Ash, "The End of Communism in Poland and Hungary," from the current issue of the *New York Review of Books*. Children appeared periodically from the back, wordlessly offering their cookies and crackers. Passengers not occupied with reading engaged in conversation. At one point I closed my eyes to listen to the din, expecting to detect a tangled undergrowth of *sz*'s and *cz*'s; though except for the occasional, salient susurration, the collective sound seemed no different from that produced at any lively American cocktail party.

Once onto the New Jersey Turnpike, I got up to stretch my legs. Grzegorz behind me had finished with the *Times* and returned to Paul Fussell's *The Boy Scout Handbook*. "He's wonderful," he exclaimed to me with relish, "but *mean*!" Behind him Janusz's son Łukasz, older than the children but not yet interested in the adults, stared out the window. I heard a cheerful mother of three, formerly from Radom, now of Upper Darby, say that her daughter had stayed home to attend her first prom. A day of family milestones. Marek sat reading an article from the *Journal of Immunology*, while Janusz, standing in the aisle, debated voting strategy with Leszek and Joanna. Solidarity had urged its supporters to cross out the names of all the Party candidates who were running uncontested, but an older man, sitting one row from the back, objected to such a ploy, arguing that it would simply give the Party the opportunity to choose whomever it pleased. And some of its members, he insisted, were not as bad as others.

I introduced myself and took the seat beside him. He told me he was a doctor by training who had come to the States for a year and stayed fifteen. "I still haven't acclimated," he told me, in

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confiding tones. "I don't have the necessary practical sense. I am a romantic." He invested limited hope in the elections, but explained: "If I myself didn't vote, if I hadn't come today, I would have felt badly inside," and he clutched his shirt in front of his heart and crumpled it in his fist.

At one point in our conversation the bus slowed abruptly, all heads turned to the left, and we heard the word "krowa" coming from the front. Looking out the window we saw on the grass of the median strip a black and white cow. She was not grazing, but lurching awkwardly backwards in visible terror at the traffic. I am not one to attach a great deal of significance to unusual occurrences, but it does seem to me somehow meaningful that riding with a busload of Poles going to vote in parliamentary elections I should see for the first time in my life a cow on the New Jersey Turnpike.

We dipped into the Lincoln Tunnel and passed easily through the Midtown streets, coming to a halt in front of the consulate at the corner of 37th and Madison Avenue. A crowd of people milled about on both sides of the street, and a constant flow came in and out the open doors. I spotted a journalist friend near the entrance, already wearing the Solidarity election pin, with the names of its four candidates typed in red. "Things are going quite smoothly," he assured us, then joked, himself a veteran of numerous American elections: "They're giving out free drinks over at Jerzy Urban headquarters."

Hania and I proceeded inside and up the circular stairway carpeted in red. It was my first visit to this realm of the consulate; when coming for visas I had always been shepherded into a smaller, more hushed wing. Not that this section exuded a lived-in look; the thick carpets and long curtains seemed to be getting a much-needed airing. Upstairs, sunlight filtered through tall windows and sparkled from a chandelier. A painting reminiscent of Tiepolo, depicting bare-chested maidens through diaphanous clouds, occupied the ceiling. Gilt moldings trimmed the sides.

Arrows set atop stands and printed with the letters A-Ł and M-Z pointed into two adjoining halls. My wife followed the second (curiously placed on the left) and, after the briefest of waits, reached the registration table. "Celina!" she said to the attractive young woman seated at the end behind a large logbook, "I didn't recognize you at first." Celina, whom we know from various functions, was working as a Solidarity volunteer. She too wore the movement's pin on her fashionable jacket. She checked Hania's name off her list and handed her her ballots; then, smiling at me, said sweetly: "You can't vote."

Hania waited, again briefly, for a booth to open up. Five or six of them stood in a row, red and white ribbons attached to each curtain. Then a man exited from one and Hania went off to vote for the first time in her life. She came out, looking little changed, walked to the red-and-white-draped ballot box, and dropped in her votes. Behind her a semicircle of people leaned against the consulate bar to do their voting in less secretive surroundings.

We walked to the other room, where a portly consulate official of the peasant/bureaucrat variety asked if he could be of help. He was sweating profusely, either from the heat or the unaccustomed pressure of having to be nice. I noticed that in this room people were eschewing the booths for the top of a piano sitting in the corner.

We returned to the main hall to observe the scene. The flow of people continued up and down the staircase: women in summer dresses, grandmothers who looked as if they were straight from the countryside, a great preponderance of men with mustaches. They had the hard, rough-hewn, somber look of Polish workers, only slightly diminished by their light-hued summer clothing. Shirts were worn with a flat collar open at the neck, and the Polish fashion of socks and sandals prevailed on the feet. Despite the opulent surroundings, no one seemed to feel the least bit awed or out of place. In fact, there was an endearing casualness in the way that people made themselves at home. "Guest in the house, God in the house," is an old Polish proverb, though one heretofore not commonly embraced by the foreign service. A number of voters hesitated before depositing their ballots, not because of second thoughts, but because of a desire to preserve the moment on film. Photographic equipment was in abundance: it might actually have been possible to deduce people's stage of immigration by the type they carried: Russian cameras for recently arrived *wakacjuszy* (or vacationers, as Poles who work abroad temporarily are ironically called); Japanese cameras for immigrants; movie cameras for permanent residents. The sofa in the center hall, at the foot of an enormous red and white banner strung from the window, was a popular place to pose: once we saw three large men squeeze rather comically onto it with expressions of imperturbable dignity. These small human resonances in such grand surroundings made me think of a Sempe drawing.

The same amiable bustle lasted through the afternoon. By five o'clock the first line had formed on the sidewalk outside. I stood across the street from the entrance, with a small band of Poles passing the time. The temperatures were mild and the shadows slowly lengthening. All around me there was nothing but Polish to be heard. I got talking with a man from Rzeszów, in the south of Poland, who now lives in Brooklyn. "Yes, yes, for good," he said when I asked. He told me something of his background: Solidarity activity, arrest during martial law, seven months interned. "Change is a long way off," he said heavily. "But who knows when we'll get a chance like this again?" I asked his profession. "I was an electrician in Poland," he told me, "but now I'm an auto mechanic. See?"—and he held out a knobby, grease-stained hand unaccustomed to the environs of Madison Avenue.

We stood awhile watching the people as they waited to vote. There was something about the scene—the soft summer air, the labored faces, the pensive, not quite festive mood—that struck me as familiar. And then I remembered the Pope's first visit to Warsaw—ten years before, almost to the day. There as well, on a much larger scale of course, had been this same subdued, hopeful gathering of national aspirations. And it seemed fitting that election day at the consulate should echo that visit, being that it was, quite clearly, a direct descendant of it.

• • •

Postscript: Two weeks later, when the runoff election was held—primarily for the seats guaranteed the Party and its allies—voting took place only in Poland, a tacit admission by the government, perhaps, that the people who had left would not be interested. The consulate in New York returned to its usual Saturday somnolence, and Poles abroad reverted to the more familiar role of distant spectators. □

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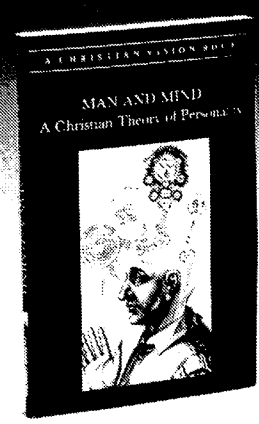
MAN AND MIND:
A CHRISTIAN THEORY OF PERSONALITY



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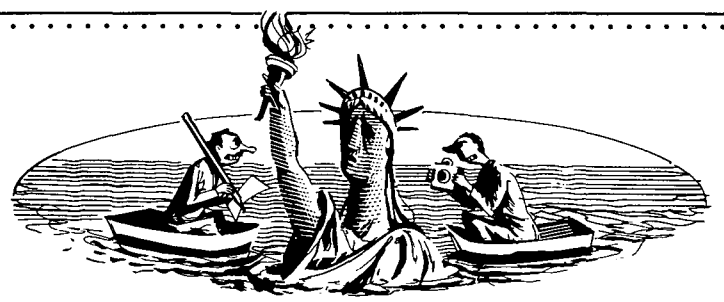

GRAY MATTER

by Terry Eastland

On Memorial Day two FBI agents interviewed Democratic Rep. Bill Gray at a Washington hotel. The next evening Rita Braver of CBS reported the existence of a "criminal investigation into financial dealings involving" Gray. The investigation involved "personnel," she said, and Gray's "cooperation was not forthcoming." Braver did not exactly say that Gray himself was under investigation, but no one watching the newscast could doubt that he was.

For this story of first impression, Braver relied on unnamed "Justice Department sources." In other words, there had been a leak, and it had occurred when House Democrats were on the defensive over ethics, and when Gray himself was the odds-on favorite to succeed Tony Coelho as Democratic whip.

As it turned out, the leak did no fatal political damage, in part because Gray managed to force from the Justice Department a statement that the congressman was not a "target" of the investigation (which involved an alleged no-show employee on Gray's payroll) and that indeed he was cooperating fully. In mid-June, Gray was elected majority whip. Still, the question persisted: Who leaked, and why?

Sorry, I can't produce the body. And as I write, the Justice Department, which has been investigating the leak, hasn't found the source either. But there are theories about who the leakers might be.

Theory No. 1: The Office of Attorney General. No one really believes that Attorney General Dick Thornburgh personally leaked the story. Reporters who cover him believe he's incapable of it. They think he's stiff with reporters and would have a hard time striking the kind of confidential pose needed in order to leak. But others around him, longtime Thornburgh loyalists, are not so ill-equipped, and they do control the department's news spigots. Thornburgh reduced both the size and importance of the old public affairs staff in part to incorporate media relations into his office. More than one reporter covering the Justice Department believes Thornburgh's minions did the deed.

Why? Two explanations have been offered, both political. One is that Thornburgh's office realized that if the talented Gray were Democratic whip, House Republicans would have a more difficult time challenging the Democratic majority. The other is that Thornburgh's office had more provincial interests: both the attorney general and Gray are Pennsylvania politicians, and hurting Gray helps the Pennsylvania GOP. The second explanation is more believable than the first, but both suffer from a lack of hard evidence.

Aides to Thornburgh say they couldn't have leaked even if they wanted to, maintaining that none of them knew about the Memorial Day interview. This does not mean, however, that they weren't aware of the no-show investigation. Someone else might have leaked to CBS, but one of Thornburgh's staffers might have confirmed the story, in order to hurt Gray or maybe just to let the reporter know that he is "in the know." That does happen.

Theory No. 2: The Criminal Division of the Justice Department. The agents who interviewed Gray were working on a case being developed by Thomas Lee, the U.S. attorney in Philadelphia. FBI interviews of congressmen are normally coordinated with Justice's Criminal Division. That means Ed Dennis, the head of the Criminal Division, or one of his top deputies should have known about the Gray interview. If the division knew, however, it apparently failed to pass word to the attorney general's office.

Did Dennis know? *Newsday*, in the most informative journalism done on the leak, tried but was unable to answer the question. And Dennis, who formerly served as the U.S. attorney in Philadelphia (the story is thick with Pennsylvanians), routinely declines comment. In any case, he, like Thornburgh and his staff, probably knew about Lee's no-show investigation. But it's doubtful that Dennis leaked. He's not a political schemer, nor a Washington insider. Besides, as *Newsday* reports, he used to be friendly enough with Gray to be his occasional tennis partner.

If the Criminal Division leaked, the source was down below. This is not so unlikely. Back in the spring, Dennis circulated an internal memo saying that "leaks will not be tolerated." The memo was promptly leaked.

Theory No. 3: The FBI. The FBI agents who interviewed Gray were from the Philadelphia office; it's unlikely that they would have leaked to a national correspondent. This theory instead points to top officials at FBI headquarters, who approved the interview. Why would they leak?

A couple of reasons. On paper, the FBI is under the Justice Department, and since becoming attorney general last summer, Thornburgh has been trying to exert more control over the agency, which has historically been reluctant to acknowledge Justice Department authority. According to this theory, a leak is just the thing to publicly put Thornburgh on the defensive and thereby weaken his ability to dictate to the bureau.

That's possible, but a second reason, involving Gray, is more plausible. As *Newsday* pointed out, "Gray has made life difficult for [new FBI Director William] Sessions and other senior members of the FBI by promoting the cause of black FBI agent Donald Rochon," who has charged the bureau with racial discrimination. Gray helped make the Rochon case a national story, and the FBI has a strong aversion to bad publicity. Moreover, Robert Ahlerich, the head of FBI's public affairs shop, used to supervise Rochon when both men were stationed in Chicago. Rochon said his boss failed to report racial threats against him.

Ahlerich is on record as saying he acted properly in the Rochon case and denies that he or anyone else in the bureau leaked the Gray investigation to CBS. The problem with this statement is that it is always hard for a spokesman to speak for everyone. The FBI has long been a source of stories about on-

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Terry Eastland is the author of Ethics, Politics, and the Independent Counsel, *published by the National Legal Center for the Public Interest.*

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going investigations—many think it was during Watergate—and someone unknown to Ahlerich (or someone who is not telling him the truth) might have leaked.

Theory No. 4: Gray himself. No one has speculated that Gray did the deed. So let me step to the plate on this one.

Bear in mind that Gray was the one interviewed on Memorial Day. Assume that he knew of the no-show inquiry, which had been going on for several months. But accept as true what he has said: that he had no advance warning of the interview, that it came as a surprise. So: fearing that word of the interview would get out on unfavorable terms and hurt his bid to become Democratic whip, he authorized the leak so that he could react to it immediately and exert "spin control." Indeed, as soon as CBS reported the story, Gray convened a press conference in which he denounced the network, said that the agents had told him he was not a target of investigation, blasted the leakers, and called on Thornburgh to investigate the leak. In other words, Gray leaked in order to pre-empt a leak he might not be able to control.

One problem with this theory is that CBS said it relied on "Justice Department," not congressional, sources. But leaks are wondrous, complicated things, and Gray's office could have initiated the leak nevertheless. A possible scenario: it tips off CBS, which then calls law enforcement sources, who then confirm.

But I don't buy the theory that Gray leaked. It's too clever. It requires that Gray believed he actually could "manage" the leak. Politicians believe many things, but only a foolish one would believe in such a possibility, and Gray is not foolish. My own view is that when Gray held his press conference, he was scrambling and had no idea how things would turn out. As it happened, Gray did manage to pull off quite a comeback. He got Thornburgh to issue the statement, rare as these things go, that he was not a "target" and that he was cooperating fully. A politician of that skill probably deserved to become Democratic whip.

So who leaked? Justice officials anonymously point to the FBI, and the bureau just as anonymously points back. My guess is that there are leakers in both places. In any leak of this kind, there are usually "original" sources—those who are the first to talk—and "confirming" sources, who say it's so, perhaps adding new information. In this case, the original sources are probably from the career ranks in the Criminal Division and the FBI. One or more of the leakers are persons known to Braver, cultivated by her over the years. (Reporters often develop sources in the bureaucracy for the simple reason that administrations come and go, but the bureaucracy doesn't.) The basic fact that the investigation was being made probably came from the Criminal Division. The bit about Gray's not cooperating probably came from the FBI, since Braver mentioned this in connection with the Memorial Day interview conducted by the bureau. The confirming sources probably were in Thornburgh's office. Why? Reporters typically go to persons authorized to speak in order to confirm stories, and members of his staff are duly sanctioned.

By the way, for the record, I did ask Rita Braver who leaked. I struck out, as I knew I would. The source-reporter relationship is at the heart of modern journalism. Protecting it ranks near the top of the Ten Commandments by which the media abide. Mark it down: reporters may live to ferret out wrongdoing, but they aren't going to trace leaks. This is one form of malfeasance that is off-limits. A waggish reporter suggested to me that just this once CBS should not protect the relationship and report who said what. That would cost CBS some sources, of course, but it would be an interesting experiment to see whether the attorney general would really take action against the individuals involved, especially if they included his own staffers.

A CBS "Special Report" might be the only way Justice will be able to find the source of the leak, since a leak is something that occurs in private between two consenting adults—no witnesses present, no tape recorders humming. Memory does not bring to mind a single instance of a successful Justice investigation of a leak of this kind.

The CBS story on Bill Gray raises the question of whether the media should rely on unnamed sources when reporting criminal investigations. Individual reputations are at stake, and they can be damaged quickly in this age of instant communication. It may turn out that whoever is under investigation is innocent of any wrongdoing—or, as occurred in Gray's case, that whoever appears to be under investigation is really not.

Two weeks later, when Thornburgh issued his clarifying statement, Dan Rather reported it and then added that "government sources" have said there is a "preliminary investigation into questions of a possible no-show employee on Gray's staff." This time, CBS got it right—I think.

• • •

Poor Bill Gray. On June 29, the *Washington Post* ran a front-page story saying approximately this:

When Gray sold his family home in Philadelphia so that he could buy a house in Washington, he sold it to the Bright Hope Baptist Church, where he is pastor. The church agreed to buy the house as a parsonage, taking out a $100,000 mortgage, and the congregation invited Mrs. Gray, the widow of the church's former pastor and the mother of its current one, to live there. Congressman Gray, meanwhile, annually donates "excess honoraria" to the church, in some years as much as $14,000.

Got it? I didn't. As I read the story, I kept looking for the scandal ostensibly indicated by its A-1 placement. There wasn't any. The real scandal is that the *Post* thought this was a story—one worth fifty column inches. Fortunately, no one else did. The story sank on day one.

It was also on June 29 that another story made a front page in Washington. I'm referring, of course, to the first installment of reports by the *Washington Times* on a homosexual prostitution ring involving members of the Reagan and Bush administrations. There may be national security implications; there apparently is credit card and mail fraud.

The *Times* has an inflated sense of the story's importance (unless it knows more than it's reported so far); as I write, it has yet to elaborate on the national security angle. But at least the *Times* has been reporting the story, working from duplicate credit card receipts and conducting numerous interviews. By the way, I've learned that the *Times* was given those credit card slips by a member of the ring.

Until July 11, the *Post* was treating the story as ho-hum news, occasionally printing something in the Metro pages. This was astonishing, given the *Post*'s usual preoccupation with malfeasance in the executive branch. The story seemed to interest no one at the *Post*. On July 9, Ombudsman Richard Harwood, whose column has become required reading in the Sunday *Post*, explained the lack of coverage by saying that the newspaper was "infected with complacency and arrogance." The *Post*, he said, was indifferent to being scooped by the *Times* because it believes that "nobody" who is "anybody" reads the *Times*.

I accepted Harwood's explanation until the morning of July 11, when the *Post* published its first front-page piece on the story. Perhaps there was more interest, and less arrogance and complacency, than I thought. Certainly this "local" story deserves the *Post*'s attention. □

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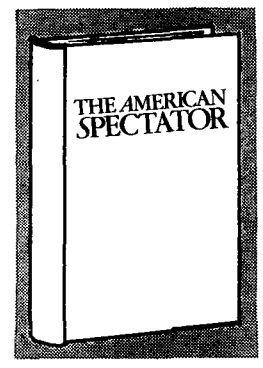

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THE BUSINESS OF AMERICA

INDEPENDENCE DAY BLUES

by Irwin M. Stelzer

As summer draws to a close, one can't help reflecting on the contradiction between the theme of the season's major holiday and the reality of the world in which Americans find themselves. Most Americans spent the Fourth of July celebrating their independence. But the more thoughtful ones paused over their beer and hot dogs to reflect on the fact that, 213 years after declaring themselves independent, they were more dependent than ever on other nations. For Americans either watched celebratory parades on their Sony television sets or drove to them in their Toyotas or Mercedes, perhaps stopping in their British-owned office buildings to catch up on a bit of work.

And in the midst of these celebrations, the Commerce Department reported that America's total debt to the rest of the world had risen by 40 percent in 1988, to $532.5 billion. The figure represents the difference between the value of American assets owned by foreigners ($1.786 trillion) and the value of foreign assets owned by Americans ($1.254 trillion). The widely followed *World Financial Markets*, a publication of the Morgan Guaranty Trust Company, chimed in with a report that "foreign direct investment holdings in U.S. industry, commerce, and real estate" more than quadrupled during the 1980s.

Such huge numbers are too abstract to have much effect on the thinking of most Americans. Their fears are driven, instead, by vignettes. The Japanese now own a large portion of downtown Los Angeles and of Washington, D.C. Bloomingdale's, otherwise known as yuppie heaven, has fallen to the Canadians. The President's preppy clothier, Brooks Brothers, has been snatched by the British. And, coincident with the Fourth of July fireworks, the cover story on the *New York Times*'s rotogravure section lamented the British conquest of Madison Avenue: almost every leading advertising agency is now controlled from London. Even internationally minded *Forbes* magazine seemed a bit worried by the fact that more states now have economic affairs offices in Tokyo than in their nation's capital.

Americans also realized that their dependence on the rest of the world could not be measured in dollars alone. A foreign-built, foreign-owned oil tanker had a mishap off the coast of Rhode Island and soiled the beaches of Newport, the stomping grounds of the East Coast establishment. And a summer gathering of the great, the good, and the slightly goofy at the Aspen Institute—a think tank located high in the Rocky Mountains—heard one expert after another tell them that their climate was very much affected by how much coal was burned in China and how many trees were felled in Brazil.

All of which is grist for the politicians' mills. Democrats, newly enamored of fiscal responsibility, blame increased foreign "control" of America on the budget deficits rolled up during the Reagan years. The federal deficits had to be financed somehow, they argue, and since Americans wouldn't even save enough to make up for the government's profligacy, the Treasury was forced to borrow from foreigners. And since the budget deficit spawned the trade deficit—this relationship remains more asserted than proved—it drove the dollar so low as to make American farms, factories, and real estate irresistible bargains for foreign investors. "The devalued dollar turned the U.S. into a discount shopping mall," wailed *Fortune* magazine. Liberal academics, while still professing their internationalism, go further. They consider foreign investment to be one more proof that America is in decline, the victim of "imperial overstretch."

The Republicans, of course, see things differently. Anthony Villamil, chief economist for the Commerce Department, said earlier this summer that the inflow of foreign investment "reflects continued confidence in the U.S. economy." Such capital also adds to U.S. industrial capacity, brings with it some new technologies and management techniques, and will ultimately result in the production of goods in this country, which goods will displace imports.

Because the issue of dependence on foreigners is so emotional, especially in a country in which Independence Day is the leading holiday, it is important to view foreign ownership in some perspective.

Keep in mind, first, that figures showing America as a large debtor nation are in part an accounting fiction. Americans acquired their foreign holdings years ago, when asset values hadn't been much affected either by inflation or by real increases in capital values. And we carry them on our books at original acquisition cost. Foreign purchases of U.S. assets, on the other hand, are more recent, and hence are carried on foreigners' books at relatively inflated values. Using stock market data to measure capital appreciation, and adjusting both U.S. and foreign investments accordingly, the Morgan Bank economists reckon that America has some $500 billion *more* invested in foreign assets than foreigners have invested in American assets.

Remember, too, that foreign holdings in the United States remain small by international standards. In most industrial countries foreign-owned capital comes to about ten percent of the value of all goods and services produced; in the U.S. that figure is only about seven percent. And Americans' particular fear—that the Japanese will end up controlling our destiny—seems misplaced. Britain, from whom we won our independence in a seven-year war, has over $100 billion in direct investment in the U.S. This means that the British own almost twice as much of America as does Japan, although Japan's investment here is rising rapidly enough to make Japanese officials nervous about some sort of backlash. Indeed, rumor has it that Japan's government, eager to avoid restrictions on its investments here, has quietly passed the word to its business community to avoid buying up highly visible assets. So the Empire State Building, the New York Yankees, and *Time* magazine are likely—although not certain—to remain in American hands when the hot dogs hit the barbecue grills on the Fourth of July, 1999.

Long before then, however, several important new trends are likely to emerge. Perhaps the most significant will be Japanese and American reaction to what is called, simply, "1992." Most American businessmen now think that Britain's heroic efforts to limit European integration to freer internal trade, an end to restrictions on capital flows, and more coordinated economic policy-making are doomed to failure. Mrs. Thatcher's manful drive to prevent the Eurocrats and socialists from imposing their much-loved "social dimension" on long-suffering European consumers is not likely to succeed. That congeries of measures will shorten working hours, put workers on corporate boards, and otherwise raise labor costs to the point where American and Japanese products gain a competitive edge over local goods in the European market. To prevent imports from flooding in, Europe will have to resort to overt and covert protectionism.

The Japanese have known this all along, and the Americans have just figured it out. Both will get around the new protectionism by diverting their investments from America to Europe, enabling them to manufacture, in Europe, goods they will not be allowed to export there. European consumers will pay more for those products than they would have if imports were allowed, but that won't bother Brussels bureaucrats too much. They will have gotten the welfare measures they favor, and financed them with the hidden taxes of higher prices. Meanwhile, by the end of the century, we will once again be hearing about the dangers of foreign investment in Europe, rather than in the U.S.

All that will be left of the so-called problem of foreign investment will be

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Irwin M. Stelzer is chairman of the Regulated Industries Group, Harvard University, and an American correspondent for the London Sunday Times.

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a batch of IOUs: we will have to send a flow of dividends and interest payments abroad to compensate foreigners for their investments here. C. Fred Bergsten, director of the Institute for International Economics, estimates that by 1992 we will be paying between $40 billion and $50 billion each year to foreigners in interest and dividends. But since this will come to only about one percent of the value of our economy's output, we will be only slightly—and probably imperceptibly—poorer.

Unfortunately, the problems created by our greater ecological interdependence will not so easily disappear.

Backed by computer models as unreliable and untestable as they are elaborate, researchers with the government, universities, and nonprofit groups have persuaded America's politicians that emissions from cars, cows, and power plants are raising global temperatures. More precisely, they have convinced politicians that it is best not to incur the wrath of the world's "Greens" by questioning their findings. As a result, those who won influence in the constricted Carter years by preaching the virtues of "no growth," only to be overrun by pro-growth Reaganauts, are back at their old stands.

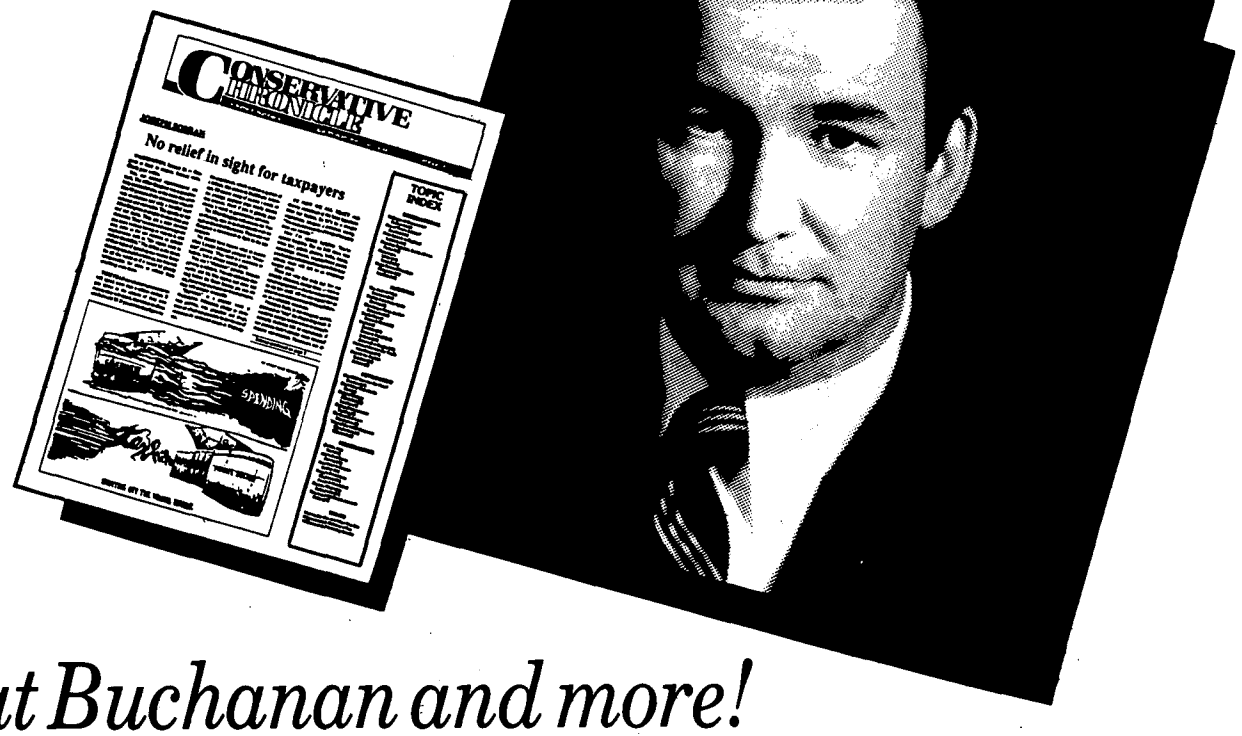
This time around they are attempting to create international institutions, which inevitably take on a life of their own, to push for "more equal burden-sharing." In practice, that means having America slow its growth to make room for more growth—and more pollution—by so-called Third World countries. Led by our State Department's Bill Nitze—yes, the son of the arms controller—we are participating in an International Intergovernmental Panel on World Climate Change, due to report its findings to a waiting world in October 1990. If you liked UNESCO and its efforts to establish a "new order" in world communications, you will love this panel: its workshop on the impact of industrial growth on the world's climate is chaired by the newly Green Soviet Union—home of Chernobyl and exploding gas pipelines. Early forecasts are that the panel will call for cutbacks in America's use of fossil fuels to allow for increased coal-burning in China, that citadel of concern for its people's welfare.

I don't mean to gainsay the need for international cooperation in ameliorating the environmental effects of economic activity. But it is important to point out that a durable set of international institutions is being created to advocate a single solution: greater equality of income distribution worldwide. Without such a hidden agenda, the no-growth-here crowd might be willing to consider the quite sensible suggestion of my colleague Charles Cicchetti, associate director of Harvard's Energy and Environmental Policy Center. Cicchetti notes that it will take a huge sum to clean up residual emissions from our already quite clean plants. A much smaller sum, spent on dirty Third World installations, would produce much greater reductions in noxious wastes. So why not permit American companies to save huge sums by equipping Third World plants with antipollution devices that will cut *their* pollution by a much greater amount than a similar expenditure would reduce ours?

Such a step would eliminate the need for the web of international controls now being put in place by the people who see the disparity between American wealth and African/Latin American poverty as the result of some mystical North-South divide, rather than a consequence of the superiority of free enterprise to state-managed economies.

In short, while Americans worry about a problem that isn't a problem—rising foreign investment—the real threat to their independence, egalitarian-minded international institutions, is emerging quietly and virtually unnoticed. □

The "BUCK" starts here...



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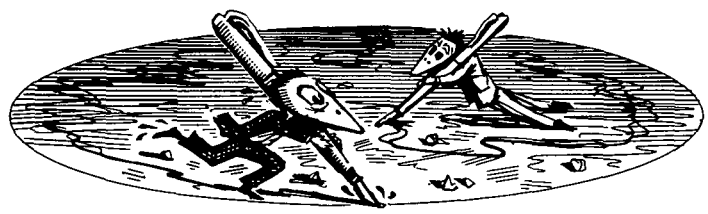

A DAY

by Benjamin J. Stein

Ring, ring, ring.

A telephone call from a woman in Richmond, Virginia. Would I like to be the off-camera voice of a racetrack in Baltimore, Maryland? They can do the audio by a telephone hook-up from a studio in North Hollywood. All I have to do is read the Latin names for various night creatures like bats and possums and coyotes. It pays all of $250.

Sure. No problem.

A telephone call from a man at a gay magazine in New York City. "I hope you don't mind my calling you," he said, "but I have conclusive proof that the ordinary cold and many of the diseases that are classed as harmless are in fact variants of AIDS. I am not allowed to tell you where this proof came from."

"I see."

"It's entirely possible that you and everyone you know already have AIDS. I thought you would like to know that."

"I definitely would," I agreed. "It gives each day such poignant pleasure."

"I thought you might like to know that this disease comes from hogs, and you can get it from eating bacon or even ordinary luncheon meat."

"I understand."

"In fact, eating fried bacon is probably the most common means of AIDS transmission," he added, "but the Department of Agriculture doesn't want anyone to know, because if they did, then the nation's entire hog population would have to be slaughtered and that would be a major loss."

"Especially for the hogs."

"I did want you to know that I think there is a cure, though," he said. "It has to do with shitake mushrooms. Intravenous extract of shitake mushrooms apparently can completely reverse the effects of the HIV complex. In fact, just eating a lot of shitake mushrooms can turn your life around."

"God, I need it," I said.

A quick ride out to a self-help group I attend in Malibu. It meets in a disused elementary school in a neighborhood called Point Dume. It's been changed to a community center. From the room I can smell the newly cut grass and see the mountains of Malibu. The smell and the classroom make me actually dizzy with nostalgia for my elementary school days in Silver Spring, Maryland. That school has been closed as well. The evacuation of the white middle class of America from planet earth. That's what I usually think of.

A woman next to me was telling about her life. "I used to be Catholic," she said. "Then one day as I was waiting to buy a pair of stockings at Saks Fifth Avenue on Wilshire in Beverly Hills, I actually saw Moses. He actually appeared just behind the lingerie with his beard and his robes, just like Chuck Heston. He told me I was to follow his path. So I became a Jew. Then, about a year after that, I was waiting to get my car washed on Sunset at the Sunset Car Wash, and as my car came out of the wash tunnel, I was sure I saw John the Baptist on its hood. So I became a born-again Christian. I even changed my name. I used to be Laura. Now I'm Laurene. I wanted everyone to know how much easier my life is now." The woman sat quietly and then asked me if she could have some of my Evian in a small paper cup.

A super rush ride to the airport to fly to San Diego. The flight there takes twenty minutes. Before deregulation, when aviation fuel was $2.50 a gallon, the fare was $19. After deregulation, with aviation fuel at $1.50 per gallon, the fare is $85 one way. I think I'll have to ask George Stigler about that.

A party in San Diego for a famous California state legislator. He has a homey, unaffected style about him. He shook hands and looked sincere. We all had Diet Coke and pastries out by the swimming pool of a house as big as an airport. "I'm a little concerned about the fact that there are no good public schools left in Southern California," I said. "Plus it's virtually impossible to get your kids into private schools."

The assemblyman looked at me and put his hand on my shoulder. "It's not my problem, Ben," he said. "It's someone else's problem."

A few minutes later a spokesman for the assemblyman passed the hat. "I hope you know how much heat the man is taking for his uncompromising support of the Chinese students," the spokesman said. "He needs your help."

"I'm curious to know how and why supporting the Chinese students could possibly, conceivably hurt him in the Bay Area," I asked.

"It's a question of leadership," the spokesman answered, and passed along his way by the swimming pool.

A nocturnal ride back to Los Angeles on American Airlines. Through the whole 20-minute flight, there was a crashing, whirring noise like a garbage disposal at work.

"We don't know exactly what that is," the stewardess said. "It's been happening a lot. It comes from somewhere in the back of the plane. Maybe it has something to do with the lavatory, or maybe it has something to do with the tail. We've been trying to get one of the mechanics to look at it."

A distinguished man with a three-button suit, a blue-and-white striped shirt, and a small-figured paisley necktie passed down the aisle. He said hello. His name was Raymond W. He was a guest at the party I had just attended. He's a Superior Court judge in San Jose. He sat in the empty seat across the aisle.

"I've been wanting to ask you something," he said. "I'm almost fifty years old. I have a pension. I'm thinking of quitting the bench and moving down to Hollywood to try to make it as a character actor and a writer. What do you think? Should I try to make a go of it in Hollywood? You did it."

"I didn't really do it," I said. "I'm just hanging on by my fingernails in Hollywood. Maybe you could be a character actor playing judges. You look like a judge."

"Yeah, but the real money is in writing."

"You know what?" I said. "I have never been able to figure out why people get ahead in Hollywood. When I came to Hollywood, I was friends with people who seemed to be incredibly smart. Some of them got ahead. Others didn't get ahead. I used to have lunch with Bill Murray and buy his meal and in return he would tell jokes. I never dreamed he would get $10 million per picture. I used to be friends with Michael Shamberg before he made *The Big Chill*. I always thought he was too much of an intellectual to make it. I was pals with Allen Greisman. I never dreamed he would marry Sally Field. I never would have guessed that Shamberg would make *A Fish Called Wanda* or Greisman would become head of the Aaron Spelling Company. I knew Goldie Hawn in high school. Who knew?

"I used to think that the only common denominator of people who made it in Hollywood was that they all ate incredibly fast. When I used to eat with Shamberg and Greisman, twelve years ago, they would finish their lunch before I had even started mine, and then they'd

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start eating mine. Maybe that's a clue.

"I do know that every time I get a project going here, someone steals it off my plate. I started that horrible miniseries, 'Amerika.' I got money, but no credit. I started that TV movie about Goodman, Chaney, and Schwerner that CBS is making. The woman I brought it to, an Israeli who had never even heard of those guys, never heard of Mississippi, just stole it away from me. Ganged up with David Wolper. Of course, they tell a different story, but I guarantee that if I hadn't told that woman about the three civil rights workers, she still wouldn't know them from blini.

"I mean, the way it works is that if you think you would be successful as a con man in a Turkish bazaar, you would probably do well in Hollywood. Then again, you might not. It has to do with a certain smell you have. Some people have it, and others don't. I can tell you that if you do make it, you'll sort of wish you hadn't. It's that tough. It takes that much out of you. Maybe you should consider stealing corpses for medical experiments."

"So, can I call you if I have a good idea for a movie?" he asked.

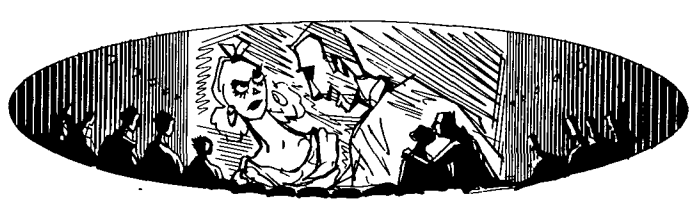
I left LAX and headed up La Tijera, up La Cienega, up La Brea toward my little home in the Hollywood Hills. It was about eleven at night. Terrifying Mexicans pulled up next to me in battered Camaros. Haughty looking black men in Cadillacs stared at me through tinted glass and passed onward. On every street corner in Hollywood there were mounds of newspapers, old clothes, wires, feet wrapped in rags sticking out. Homeless people. Lots of them. In the parking lot of the Mayfair all-night grocery two insane men shouted at no one in particular. A hired guard slept against the wall where once a ten-cents-a-ride mechanical pony had slept. Inside the Mayfair, a bag boy greeted me with a huge smile. "I saw you in *Ghostbusters*," he said. "I love your work."

In line next to me, two Hasids talked in Yiddish at blinding speed. The only words I could make out were "per cent," "net, net, net" and "bondit." I think one of them might also have said "internal rate of return." They smiled at me and I smiled back at them. A little boy with sideburns and a yarmulke came up to the line and handed the two men a bag of oranges. "Weren't you in 'Charles in Charge'?" he asked.

I walked back outside with my sacks of dog biscuits. In the parking lot next to my car was a huge rusting Oldsmobile. In it, an entire family of pale blond Okies slept. A few feet away under a plexiglass bus shelter two homeless black men slept under a pile of rags. A few feet from them, two young teenage boys in tight jeans smiled at men in Mercedes who stopped at the light.

I drove up La Brea. I tried to put myself back in 1959 in Silver Spring, Maryland. How could it all have gone so bad so fast? □

THE TALKIES



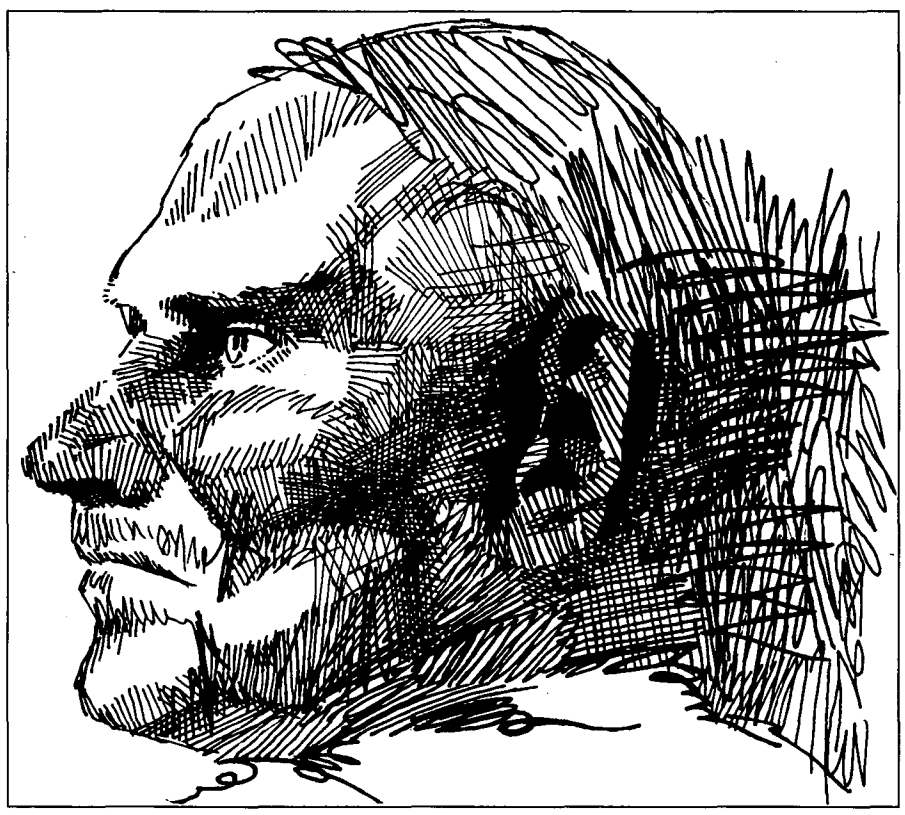
THE BARON OF BRIGHTON

by Bruce Bawer

For decades—indeed, since long before many of us were born—it has been a commonplace that Laurence Olivier was the greatest actor of our time. So much of a commonplace has it been, alas, that many of us may well have taken his genius—and his contribution to his art—for granted. To be sure, much of that contribution is forever lost to us: Olivier, who shook off this mortal coil on July 11 at the age of eighty-two, was perhaps most celebrated of all for theatrical performances which few of us were privileged to witness. But, over a period of six decades, he also compiled a sizable body of work on film—sixty-odd movies in all, some of which he did just for the money (and it shows), but many of which are masterpieces, and most of which (thanks to the videotape revolution) we can see again and again.

To peruse Olivier's filmography is to be reminded at once of his humor, his energy, and his remarkable range as a movie actor. Brilliant as he was in his adaptations of *Hamlet*, *Richard III*, and other Shakespearean plays, he was equally adept at enacting everything from the brooding romantic heroes of Emily Bronte, Jane Austen, and Daphne du Maurier to the whimsical and idiosyncratic titled folk of Evelyn Waugh, Terence Rattigan, and James Costigan. His most splendidly realized movie characters tend to inhabit the extremes of life: he seemed born to play both the most virtuous and the most sinister of characters, the most glorious of national heroes and the most forlorn and shabby of losers. He was especially gifted, too, at capturing protagonists with an enigma, a contradiction, at their hearts; one thinks, for instance, of the bold-yet-melancholy Roman general Crassus in *Spartacus*, and of the savage-yet-gentle stableboy Heathcliff in *Wuthering Heights*.

Though he appeared in a number of films in Britain in the early thirties—among them *Fire Over England* (1936) and *Twenty-One Days* (1939), in both of which he acted opposite his wife-to-be, Vivien Leigh—Olivier first came to international prominence in a trio of classic American films based on romantic English novels. In *Wuthering Heights* (1939)—directed by William Wyler from a script by Ben Hecht and Charles MacArthur—he played Heathcliff to Merle Oberon's Catherine, bringing to the part a vigor that bordered on the flamboyant. It was a natural step from Heathcliff to the equally glamorous and enigmatic Maxim de Winter in Alfred Hitchcock's *Rebecca* (1940), based on Daphne du Maurier's best-selling Bronte-ish novel about an ingenuous young bride (Joan Fontaine), her terse, secretive consort, and his vast, gloomy manse. (The screenplay was written by the playwright Robert Sherwood.) And it was another natural step from that film—which won the Academy Award for best picture—to the same year's *Pride and Prejudice* (scripted by Aldous Huxley and Jane Murfin), in which Olivier played the proud Mr. Darcy to Greer Garson's prejudiced Elizabeth Bennet. It's a virtually perfect adaptation, rich and charming and funny—the best possible answer to anyone who claims that a great novel cannot be made into a first-rate movie. If Olivier



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can be faulted for occasional overacting in *Wuthering Heights* and *Rebecca*, his performance here is essentially flawless. His pairing with Garson is particularly fortuitous; the two leads play splendidly off each other's wit, and the combination of mutual animosity and attraction between them feels wonderfully real.

These films were followed by the less worthy *That Hamilton Woman* (1941), an engaging (if thoroughly routine) World War II-era excursion into historical drama, courtesy of the British producer-director Alexander Korda; this would-be morale-booster cast Olivier as yet another romantic hero, the difference being that the romantic hero in this instance was the national icon Lord Nelson. (Vivien Leigh played Nelson's mistress, Lady Hamilton.) And Olivier impersonated a second national icon in his last major wartime movie, *Henry V* (1944). The earliest of Olivier's Shakespearean adaptations and his first directorial effort, the film is a tour de force almost in spite of itself; fussy, stately, stylized, and almost too richly hued, it hovers awfully close (in tone and aspect) to Michael Powell and Emeric Pressburger's luxuriant, borderline-campy *The Red Shoes* (1948) and *The Life and Death of Colonel Blimp* (1943), but is saved by its intelligence, its patent earnestness of intent, and by its director's manifest reverence for the text at hand. The film, indeed, set a standard by which Shakespearean adaptations have been judged ever since. Its patriotic pageantry gave way to the more Spartan *Hamlet* (1948), which won the Academy Award for best picture (and for Olivier as best actor); filmed in black and white, on an austere, expressionistic, almost Bergman-like set consisting mostly of mist-enshrouded stone, Olivier's version of the "story of a man who could not make up his mind" (as he identifies it in a prefatory Wellesian voice-over) features a highly fluid camera and voice-over soliloquies, omits several characters and speeches, and seems designed to make the Bard coherent and captivating to the average moviegoer. The wondrous thing is that the film actually does so without seriously compromising the play; and Olivier's vigorous, athletic Hamlet—a Dane as full of life as he is haunted by death—is well-nigh unforgettable. (One can hardly believe he was over forty at the time.)

From first-rate renderings of Shakespeare, Olivier proceeded (unwisely, perhaps) to a third-rate adaptation of Theodore Dreiser. *Carrie* (1952)—directed by William Wyler from a mediocre script by Ruth and Augustus Goetz—turned Dreiser's biting naturalistic novel *Sister Carrie* into a routinely bland Hollywood tear-jerker with top production values and a modestly talented star (Jennifer Jones) in the title role. As Hurstwood, the affluent Chicago restaurateur whose fortunes plummet as his beloved Carrie prospers, Olivier all but wipes everyone else off the screen; he offers us a genuine tragic character in the midst of much unconvincing pathos.

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He is equally commanding in the lighter but far more successful *The Prince and the Showgirl* (1958), which he directed from a very funny, charming, and wittily constructed screenplay by Terence Rattigan, then the reigning master of well-made middlebrow English drama. (Rattigan based the script on his stage play *The Sleeping Princess*, in which Olivier had recently appeared with Vivien Leigh.) Olivier turns in one of his richest comic performances as a cold, choleric middle-European aristocrat, the Regent of Carpathia, who, in London for the coronation of King George V, finds himself involved with a giddy, sentimental American dancer named Elsie Marina (Marilyn Monroe). *Spartacus* (1960), meanwhile, offers a somewhat different patrician-and-peasant contraposition: in this provocative epic about the slave revolt of 73 B.C., based on Howard Fast's sentimental-Marxist novel and directed by Stanley Kubrick from a most skillful script by Dalton Trumbo, Olivier brings not only great authority but an exceptional poignancy to the character of Crassus, the urbane, corrupt Roman general and dictator whom the film consistently contrasts with Kirk Douglas's true-blue, unrefined slave general.

Is *The Entertainer* still considered as wonderful as it was in 1960? This tears-of-a-clown piece about a down-at-the-heels vaudeville comic, Archie Rice, has always struck me as dull, facile, and stagy, the protagonist's seedy pathos as ultimately pointless; Olivier's spirited performance seems wasted on the one-note script (which was based on the acclaimed play by Angry Young Man John Osborne). His ability to portray a pitiful loser is far more movingly displayed in *Term of Trial* (1962), in which he appears as a sensitive and literate secondary-school teacher in a gray, working-class English town, one of whose students (Sarah Miles) has falsely accused him of sexual molestation. (The carnal wife of this cerebral pedagogue is played by Simone Signoret.) Written and directed by Peter Glenville, the film is a gripping, intensely disturbing morality tale, and Olivier's portrayal of the teacher—a virtuous man trapped in moral circumstances wherein his worst enemy is his own virtue, and the only means of his ultimate salvation a lie—is deeply credible and affecting.

In his last two decades, Olivier seemed to show up more frequently than ever in films, though the vehicles themselves were often mediocre and the parts mere cameos. He served as little more than high-class adornment, for instance, in such high-gloss spectacles as *The Shoes of the Fisherman* (1968) and *Nicholas and Alexandra* (1971), and was hardly challenged by his part as a murderous mystery novelist in the lightweight thriller *Sleuth* (1972); while George Roy Hill's *A Little Romance* (1978) was quite charming, moreover, one grew rather uneasy at the sight of Olivier (in the insubstantial role of a petty con man, Julius Edmond Santorin) providing support to a couple of less-than-brilliant child actors. And of course the very idea of Olivier in Harold Robbins's *The Betsy* (1977), or as Neil Diamond's father in a remake of *The Jazz Singer* (1981), was enough to induce nausea.

Many of his movie assignments of recent years, indeed, required Olivier to be little more than old, colorful, and cantankerous (one thinks, for instance, of the television movies "A Voyage Round My Father" and "The Ebony Tower"). But he was made good use of—and was very funny—as an Edwardian barrister in James Costigan's Rattigan-like television drama "Love Among the Ruins" (1974), and managed to make a three-dimensional character out of William Goldman's ruthless Nazi dentist, Christian Szell, in John Schlesinger's *Marathon Man* (1976). (His performance, two years later, as a Holocaust survivor and Nazi hunter in the rather shabby *Boys from Brazil* was considerably less impressive.) And it was a joy to watch him in the television miniseries *Brideshead Revisited* (1981)—though one suspected that Waugh's suave, cosmopolitan Lord Marchmain was hardly a stretch for Lord Olivier.

The inferior roles, needless to say, were a waste of his time and ours. But given a halfway decent part, Olivier was almost invariably mesmerizing. Even his deathbed scene in *Brideshead*—the character feeble, gasping, nearly immobile—has fire; even a gloomy character like Heathcliff, in his most controlled, inward moments, exudes an unsettling forcefulness. Yet none of this force, this fire, seemed ingenuine: indeed, in his intensity Olivier generally appeared, if anything, *realer* than the more subdued performers around him, more vital, more acquainted with passion, with evil, with the night. One was, to be sure, often aware of Olivier's acting—yet it was not in the way one is aware of some Strasbergian's plodding Methodism; one was conscious of it, rather, in the way that one is conscious of a writer like Joyce or Nabokov even as one is thoroughly absorbed in his fiction. Somehow, with Olivier, the illusion of reality coexisted happily with one's delighted awareness of the maestro's artistry. Take him for all in all, we shall not see his like again. □

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THE GREAT CARIBBEAN SALOON SERIES

RUMINISCENCES

by Richard Brookhiser

The time to flee America for the Caribbean is winter, though if, like me, you are in an annual months-long fret about income taxes, the time to flee is June. In the first case, leaving from say, New York, the point is to go some place warmer. In the second case, the point is to go some place cooler and more clement. In any case, you will be drinking. Here, on the basis of experience which consists of trips to six islands for pleasure and Cuba for business, are some pointers:

What to eat. Food, as all good drinkers know, is the companion of drink. Some drinkers reach the point where they don't care what they eat, but if you're that much of a souse, you've probably lost all good taste in drink too.

Unfortunately, there is almost no good food in the Caribbean—or at least little that I've come across. Seafood is the best bet. I have tried two hamburgers, seven years and several hundred miles apart. Don't repeat the mistake. They had to be the worst in the hemisphere. You would think the fish and shellfish, which are caught on the spot, would be better, and they are somewhat. But Caribbeans love to overcook. If you want spiny lobster that doesn't taste like the Michelin tire boy, you must be very firm. Prices are almost always ruinous, New York levels or worse. I will get a letter, I know, from some lowlife epicure who will tell me that my only problem is a timid hewing to the beaten path; *he* knows a beach shack in Carriacou where, for one dollar American, you can get red snapper done to a turn. He's welcome to it. I am a tourist, not a traveler. I have carried my internal organs safely through Morocco, Java, and the Great Indian Desert. I have no intention of risking them two hours from Miami.

There are three exceptions to this grim picture. One, surprisingly, is curries. The British brought a lot of Indians to the Caribbean as coolies (whence V. S. Naipaul). The dishes they brought with them are often good. The same may apply to the Indonesians who followed the Dutch. Another exception is Castro. If an invitation to his buffet table comes your way, and you don't mind eating under the roof of a despot, you will eat well. He must have a good relation with his caterer. The last is Cozumel. This is the little island off the coast at Cancun. The food here is Mexican, which means that it is very tasty, very heavy, and very much the same, meal after meal. The sense of monotony is heightened by the fact that you must rigidly avoid such dishes as guacamole, or any salad, unless you want to spend half your vacation in the bathroom. This leaves you with beans and mole sauce three times a day, which will begin to feel like a diet of footballs. Still, I would rather eat in Cozumel than all points east.

What to drink. As with food, options are limited. American and European beers are widely available, but why travel to drink Heineken? In Jamaica, they make a brand called Red Stripe, which is bad without being actually offensive, like Indian beers. Wines can be had, but the mark-up is dismaying. Again, why bother? In the Dutch islands, there are fantastic concoctions like guavaberry liqueur, though you'd have to be crazy. The only alternative is to stick to the local classic which, happily, is excellent: rum.

Rum is made from sugar cane, and all the large islands and several of the small ones make their own. Appleton comes from Jamaica; Mount Gay from Barbados. Bacardi, now located on Puerto Rico, was once a Cuban firm; the locals consider it a parvenu, preferring Don Q. I once had a friend, a folk musicologist and a female baritone, who swore by Barbancourt of Haiti, which she carried in a silver pocket flask and passed around to buck up fellow wassailers.

Though it is a potent spirit, rum mixes readily with anything that can stand up to it. The simplest drink is the rum and Coke, which is pretty foul, but does the job. Fruit potions—daiquiris, piña coladas, planter's punch—are rum's true milieu, though you run up against a typically Caribbean limitation on the food side, which is that there almost never seems to be fresh fruit. Unless it is hanging off a tree over the bar, and often not even then, the fruit in your drink will come out of some can. That's all right, it tastes good enough anyway, and if you luck into something fresh, it makes up for a lot of cans. At the end of one long hot plantation tour, the guide handed around coconuts which he lopped open with a machete, adding some rum and a straw. The world wore a sunnier aspect.

Where to drink. This amounts to, *where to go*, and that depends on what you want to do. If music is the most important thing in life, then you must go to Jamaica. For snorkeling, there are other destinations; Cozumel was excellent, though I haven't been there since Hurricane Gilbert was. Aficionados of gambling and sailing will have their favorite spots. But the last time I went to the Caribbean, I was feeling fried, so I wanted to do nothing at all. So I went to Anguilla.

You can fly to Anguilla through San Juan or St. Thomas, but I think the way I went was best. Fly to Sint Maarten, which is the Dutch half of a neighboring island, then take a cab to Saint Martin, which is the French half. English is spoken in both places, and the dollar circulates as under the Stars and Stripes. They may be the last people who do us honor. St. Maarten/Martin is a stop for cruise ships, and has been crapped up accordingly: Moroccan restaurants, Italian restaurants, stores selling Girbaud jeans at $50 a leg. Pass all this by and go to the ferry landing in Marigot. It is tiny and poky, but you haven't seen the one you're going to yet. Half an hour takes you there.

John Updike used to go to Anguilla for his psoriasis, and even then, which was the sixties, people were saying that the days of its remoteness were passing. It still seemed pretty remote to me. Its moment in the headlines came in 1967, when it seceded from a federation arranged by the decolonizing British with St. Kitts and Nevis. London ended up sending in policemen to restore order. Anguillian publications still talk darkly about the dread Kittitians. The island is about the size of Manhattan, and the population is 7,000. The land is flat and dry and bare and rather ugly. The coast is dusted with beaches, like soft white pollen. The names of places and things have a blunt, archetypal quality, like names in the Shire: South Hill, the Old House, the Valley. There is indeed an echo of old or New England—Nantucket on a griddle—though the isolation Nantucket has achieved by means of the bulwark of money has here been secured by the no man's land of no money. Many of the Anguillians seem to be surnamed Gumbs; the inbreeding must be Hapsburg. The Anguillian flag is a circle of three red dolphins. The roads are haphazard. On the ride to my hotel, we passed four houses of worship: one Jehovah's Witness Kingdom Hall, one Church of God of Prophecy, two Methodist churches.

The place has the essential quality of a *place*, that it makes all other places seem irrelevant. The quarter-inch thick film of mud called news vanished. Gorbachev, Foley, Giuliani became wraiths. When I saw "Fang" in a headline—on the *East Caribbean Chronicle* I think—I had to remind myself that this was a Chinese democrat, not a tooth.

You have seen the ad that says, "When asked what medication they would take to a desert island, nine out of ten doctors chose Bayer"? Well, I went there. It is called Sandy Island, and it lies just out of Road Bay, off Sandy Ground. It has exactly ten palm trees on it, and it looks as if it were set there by the Anguillian Tourism Board. It takes about ten minutes to get there in a Boston whaler, and once you've snorkled a little, and walked around it three times, and watched the black-headed terns hovering like wooden models on wires, there is really nothing to do. You're in a place beyond the last place.

There is one thing, actually, for Sandy Island Enterprises runs a bar in a shack, which stocks lots of rum. □

Richard Brookhiser is a senior editor of National Review *and a columnist for the* New York Observer.

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BOOK REVIEWS

TARGET: PRIME TIME
ADVOCACY GROUPS AND THE STRUGGLE OVER ENTERTAINMENT TELEVISION

Kathryn C. Montgomery/Oxford University Press/272 pp. $22.50

Rick Marin

Television knows how to deal with its enemies: give them airtime. A Detroit housewife, outraged by an eyeful of skimpy lingerie on the TV show "Married . . . With Children," writes some letters, makes a phone call, and *presto*—"Nightline."

The letters, written in January, were meant to dissuade forty-five major advertisers from sponsoring Fox Television's scabrous satire. They responded, with apologies, and three big spenders —Coca Cola, Procter & Gamble, and McDonald's—promised to shun the show. Some concerned viewers might have been content to leave it at that. Not Mrs. Terry Rakolta. She called the *New York Times*.

It all happened so fast. But not too fast for Rakolta to form Americans for Responsible Television, launch a nationwide media blitz, and threaten a boycott. In other words, she did what every successful Hollywood lobbyist does: she formed an interest group—effectively, an interest group of one. "Execs fret as program jitters kill ABC shows," ran a headline in *Advertising Age*. Underneath: a photo of Rakolta terrorizing a Washington press conference.

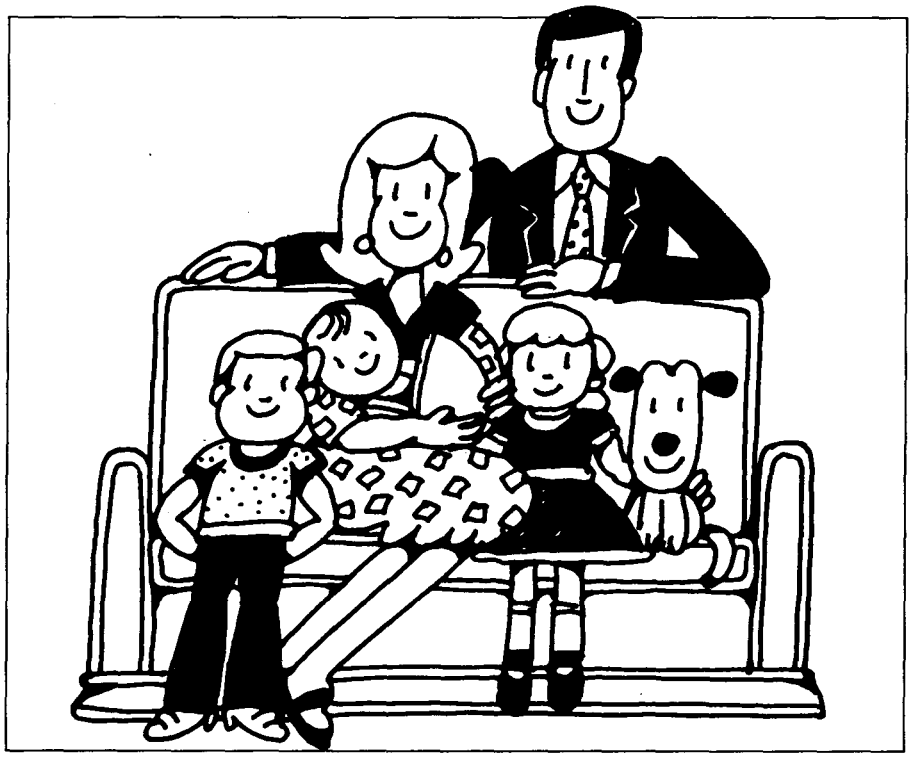
Conventional wisdom casts TV as a tyranny of the majority, a mass-cult religion (the lowest common denomination) ruled by the god Nielsen. That's partly true, but there are also less obvious forces at work determining what we watch: the NAACP, Moral Majority, Gray Panthers, Lesbian Feminist Liberation Organization, American-Arab Anti-Discrimination League, PTA, Population Institute, and International Association of Machinists, to name but a few. In the last twenty years the TV industry has opened itself up as a Promised Land of special interests, second only to Washington as a nexus of ideological schmooze. It's a subtler tyranny of multiple minorities, activist-advocates whose names never appear on the credit rolls but whose influence is immense—and largely unknown.

These groups are the reason why you almost never see a really swishy "fag" or a black mugger or hear the word "Mafia" on TV. They're why abortion is always the best solution to unwanted pregnancy, why the Frito Bandito is no longer selling corn chips, and why someone at ABC spends his working hours cutting the "violence" out of Tweety Bird cartoons. How all this came to pass is the subject of Kathryn C. Montgomery's book *Target: Prime Time*. Montgomery, who teaches film and TV at UCLA, is the first to attempt a history of, as her subtitle says, "Advocacy Groups and the Struggle Over Entertainment Television." And though her conclusions don't scan, the 200-plus pages leading up to them contain a wealth of essential information.

As she tells it, the history of advocacy groups vs. TV boils down to three stages: confrontation, cooperation, and incorporation. The sidewalk protester pickets, is then hired as a "consultant" by whomever he was picketing, and ultimately becomes a shill selling the company (usually a network) to the same minority or interest group he set out to defend. Government bureaucracies long ago mastered this tactic. Hollywood has learned fast.

The first serious assault on network politics didn't come until the late 1960s and early '70s. Black groups had opposed "Amos 'n' Andy" in the '50s but ratings kept the show alive and unaltered. The PTA and other parent groups made noises about TV violence, but the shift from sole sponsorship to spot advertising made the networks even less vulnerable to consumer complaint. Fearing interference from Washington, the industry adopted a "Code of Good Conduct," a PR move that silenced most critics while enforcing only the vaguest rules of broadcast behavior. Those still unsatisfied with this loose honor code took another tack. In 1966 a federal court ordered the FCC to grant a hearing to a coalition of civil rights groups which had petitioned to deny the license renewal of a Jackson, Mississippi, TV station on the grounds of racism. As Montgomery explains: "The petition to deny could now be used as a weapon against station licensees."

The next major bone of contention was a two-part abortion story on Norman Lear's series "Maude" in 1972. This time the outrage came from the right. (Lear's "All in the Family," from which Maude the outspoken feminist was spun off, had already enraged both liberal and conservative groups: ethnic antidefamation leagues complained about Archie Bunker's bigotry, and religious organizations were offended by the show's apparent biases in favor of homosexuality, premarital sex, and atheism.) Predictably, Maude's pregnancy at middle age and her decision to have an abortion touched a nerve. Conservatives were outraged and demanded that the Fairness Doctrine—an FCC rule mandating equal broadcast time to opposing political views—be enforced. That effort failed. The doctrine didn't apply to entertainment programming as it did to news and public affairs.



The more interesting story Montgomery uncovers is that an advocacy group actually precipitated the abortion episodes in the first place. The Washington-based Population Institute set out to "educate" Hollywood on the matter of abortion in the late 1960s. During the 1972-73 season it was offering cash awards of $10,000 and $5,000 to producers who succeeded in getting the abortion message on the air. One of the targeted producers was Lear, a crusading liberal who hardly needed to be converted. He pushed the idea, and soon enough Maude was pregnant.

In the end, her abortion probably caused CBS more trouble than the free publicity was worth. It and the other networks began to grasp that the best tactic was not to stonewall controversy or simply to ride it out but to incorporate it. "Managing the mob" and "packaging controversy"—in Montgomery's words—became their stock-in-trade.

Hispanic leaders who protested the Frito Bandito and other Latino "stereotypes" were hired by network Standards and Practices departments (the censors) as "technical consultants." Together they entered into "dialogue" on network racial policy. Homosexual activists were in an even better position. Hispanics were with rare exceptions (like Desi Arnaz) outsiders in Hollywood, but homosexuals were inside. Groups like the Gay Activist Alliance, the Gay Media Task Force, and the National Gay and Lesbian Task Force had "agents in place" at all levels of the business and became known, Montgomery notes, as "the most sophisticated and successful advocacy group[s] operating in network television."

"That Certain Summer," a 1972 ABC movie with Hal Holbrook and Martin Sheen, sympathetically por-

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trayed a young man's admission of homosexuality to his father. The movie was praised for its candor, but some still complained it didn't go far enough because the male lovers never touched or kissed. An episode of "Marcus Welby, M.D." drew considerably more ire because the good doctor was shown to "cure" a man of his homosexuality. A firestorm of protest ensued and cowed ABC, which began to retain homosexual consultants. From then on, homosexual groups could threaten to start another "Welby-ish" confrontation.

In 1978 they presented to CBS "Bad News" and "Good News" lists dictating the proper representation of homosexuality on TV. No-nos included murderers, child molesters, promiscuous men, weak or absent fathers, domineering mothers, swishy or limp-wristed men who want to be women, transvestites, transsexuals, or homosexuals with mental disturbances or unhappy childhoods. That incredible list (note the promiscuity prohibition in 1978—the dawn of AIDS) narrowed the field down to this: gay cops, business executives, athletes, "people of courage"; sensitive, compassionate, ethical, and personable heroes; loving and affectionate couples; only "mainstream, incidental" homosexuality—that, and lots more lesbians.

The networks continued to commit periodic gaffes—most notoriously NBC's 1980 antebellum miniseries "Beulah Land"—but for the most part the liberal consciences they'd put on the payroll kept them in check. The new problem was the conservative backlash.

ABC's deliberately provocative satire, "Soap," which *Newsweek* called "one long dirty joke," made church groups livid. Reaction was so strong to a CBS movie in which Linda Blair was raped with a mop handle by a gang of reform-school girls that the network instituted a "family viewing hour" during prime time. When other networks followed suit, producers complained and the rule was struck down as a violation of antitrust laws (as was the entire Code of Good Conduct).

The backlash didn't let up. In addition to the sex objections, studies by scientists on the effects of TV violence became ammunition for groups like Morality in Media and the Moral Majority in their ongoing battle to "clean up" TV. It was time to roll back prime time's "secular supremacy." The Rev. Donald Wildmon of Tupelo, Mississippi, founded the National Federation for Decency and launched the first of his many boycotts. Advertisers caved in to the pressure and began leaning on the networks to tailor programming to conservative demands.

Again, the industry adapted. Wildmon was invited to an all-expenses-paid conference in Aspen on "Special Interest Groups and the Media." The new trick was playing one adversary off against another. A CBS movie that the Reverend decried as "anti-Christian" was enthusiastically supported by black groups. The network recruited those groups to lobby advertisers Wildmon had made skittish. It worked. A few sponsors pulled out; most were persuaded to stay in.

By now almost everyone with a cause has at least tried to snatch a piece of prime time, some more successfully than others. A Harvard professor with a knack for the quiet soft-sell has infiltrated several major TV shows with his "Don't drink and drive" message. An outfit called the Solar Lobby tried to imitate the Population Institute approach, but its campaign peaked with a solar-powered still on "The Dukes of Hazzard." (Montgomery, who has a sense of humor, also recounts the efforts of a group of sales executives to have a TV version of Arthur Miller's play retitled "Life of a Salesman.")

In the realm of made-for-TV movies, controversy has become a mainstay. "Fact-based" docudramas about incest ("Something About Amelia"), AIDS

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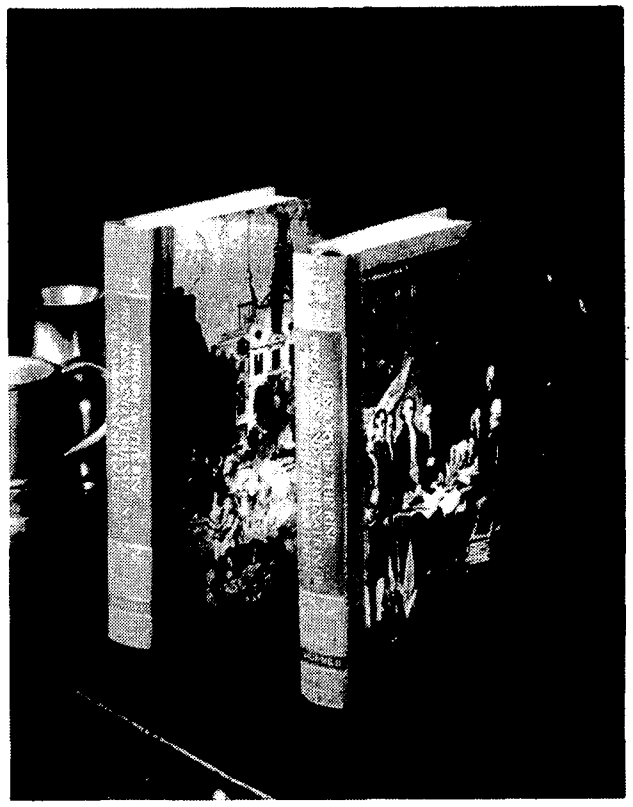

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("An Early Frost"), or nuclear war ("The Day After") are marketable commodities. They can be hooked to headlines—a sales ploy that feature films, with their longer gestation time, can't match. More than a thousand antinuke organizations spent over $300,000 promoting ABC's "The Day After." Jerry Falwell, meanwhile, called it "a threat to our national security." The combined effect of this bipartisan hype was that 38.5 million people watched the movie, 62 percent of the viewing public (a staggeringly high rating). Accuracy in Media's Reed Irvine demanded equal time. He eventually got it in the form of ABC's equally inflammatory, but "right-wing," miniseries "Amerika," which posited a Soviet takeover of the United States.

In May NBC broadcast "Roe vs. Wade" at the very time the Supreme Court was hearing arguments to overturn the 1973 abortion ruling. The network reportedly lost $1 million in advertising, scared away by petitions from Wildmon and others who complained that it was pro-choice propaganda. Most TV critics, however, praised the movie. And inevitably, people watched it. It finished in the top ten the week it aired and could easily make up the lost ad revenues if released on videocassette.

Last year the three major networks cut back their Standards and Practices divisions (Fox never had one) on the theory that producers would censor themselves and cable had inured viewers to more explicit material. So much for that theory. It's impossible to know if Wildmon, Rakolta & Co. represent the views of the average viewer or just a vocal minority, but the industry has decided to play it safe. S&P divisions are back in force. Also, Mars, Exxon, and other major sponsors have drawn up "hit lists" of shows they intend to boycott. Among them: "The Morton Downey, Jr. Show," "Geraldo," "The New Dating Game," "Golden Girls," "Nightline," and "60 Minutes."

In what Chester Riley might have called a revoltin' development, veteran shlockmeister Aaron Spelling ("Charlie's Angels," "Dynasty") was forced to publicly recant after his series "Nightingales" was accused of wanton prurience. (The show featured several attractive student nurses frolicking in sexy lingerie.) Spelling, always unabashed about his predilection for titillating fluff, announced: "We did some things we're not proud of." The show died after six episodes. The *Los Angeles Times* ran a lead story in its Calendar section trumpeting "The Taming of Prime Time."

Montgomery argues that the impact of Hollywood lobbying is in remission. Ethnic characters have remained "marginalized," she says, and the self-censoring quest for "balance" has led to wishy-washiness. She blames the decline of public affairs programming on deregulation and the demise of the Fairness Doctrine under Ronald Reagan's FCC chairman, Mark Fowler. She is aware that "during the twentieth century, all forms of the mass media have been targets of advocacy groups at one time or another. Motion pictures, comic books, plays, newspapers, and textbooks. . . ." And yet, past experience notwithstanding, she still manages to advocate more government intervention as the solution.

History doesn't bear her theories out. "The Cosby Show" is a powerful argument against "marginalization." The cutbacks in Standards and Practices have since been reversed. Congress will likely bring back the Fairness Doctrine. And though the script of "Roe vs. Wade" went through seventeen drafts, the final product was anything but "balanced."

Like most TV academics, Montgomery believes the medium's corporate proprietors—networks, producers, advertisers—conspire to co-opt anything or anyone standing in their way. She imagines them, Big Brother-like, engaging in a collective conspiracy. Her warning of the threat to American democracy and her call for a "media policy . . . high on the public agenda" ring with Ivory Tower paranoia. If anything, the evidence she has so thoroughly gathered in her book points in the opposite direction. The conspiracy, as such, has been on the part of the special interest groups. The TV industry, chameleon of the mass media, merely plays along.

Sen. Paul Simon has introduced legislation (backed by Jesse Helms) partially exempting the networks from antitrust laws so they can develop a new "code" to curb violence, sex, and drug use on TV. Now, TV violence and sex are hard enough to quantify, but drug use? Does one needle equal two hits of crack, or ten bottles of beer? What about *anti*drug shows, practically the only context in which substance abuse is allowed on TV anyway?

The answer isn't more federal intrusion but less. Anyone who has seen Mrs. Terry Rakolta in action can hardly claim viewers are disenfranchised. And no boycott is going to scare "Married . . . With Children" or "60 Minutes" off the air, as long as they continue to earn their respective networks ratings and revenues. A TV show can have any number of biases: liberal or conservative; populist or elitist; blood-thirsty or sex-crazed. The most powerful Hollywood lobbyist will always be the one sitting at home in front of the TV set, thumb poised on the remote control. □

CATHOLICISM AND THE RENEWAL OF AMERICAN DEMOCRACY

George Weigel/Paulist Press/218 pp. $11.95 paper

George Sim Johnston

Amidst the *Kulturkampf* of American life, writes George Weigel in his thoughtful new book on Catholicism and America, one finds a not-so-inconsequential *Kulturkampf* within the American Catholic Church itself. On one side, there is the leftish establishment which takes its inspiration from the sixties liberationist ethos. This wing of the church bitterly resents not so much the politics of John Paul II, which are hardly reactionary, as the Pope's orthodoxy and intolerance of apostasy (which is a different thing from mere dissent). It talks a great deal about the "spirit" of Vatican II, while implicitly rejecting much of the actual content of the council's decrees.

On the other side, there is the restorationist counterculture which would like to go back to the way things were done in the forties and fifties. This wing of the church is rightly exercised about the liturgical and doctrinal abuses that have occurred under the pretext of Vatican II. On a deeper level, however, the restorationists resent almost everything that has happened in Western culture since the Enlightenment and would like to barricade themselves in a fortress (preferably baroque) and, unfurling the encyclicals of Pius X, hurl down anathemas on the modern world.

Both camps represent tendencies that have always been present in Christianity. The Catholic left, like all modern liberalism, is the distant offspring of Pelagius, the fourth-century heretic who denied original sin and taught that man can perfect himself without recourse to the supernatural. The more embittered elements of the Catholic right, meanwhile, would seem to be succumbing to a form of Jansenism, the seventeenth-century heresy that denied the essential goodness of creation and implied that man is saved not in (and with) the world but from it.

The Catholic Church has always managed to slough off these two extremes. It rejects both a worldly pragmatism separated from the supernatural and a spirituality utterly divorced from human contingency. Weigel, who was recently named president of the Ethics and Public Policy Center, argues that this reasonable center is exactly where American Catholics ought to be. Along with Richard John Neuhaus, he thinks that post-modernity presents the church with extraordinary opportunities, but that the "Catholic moment" (the title of one of Neuhaus's recent books) will be missed if a plurality of Catholics succumb to the agenda of either the liberals or the restorationists.

Despite the caricatures of the media, which portray John Paul II as a Central European authoritarian who does not "understand" the West and Cardinal Ratzinger as the new Grand Inquisitor, both men stand squarely in the reasonable center that Weigel urges. Both are orthodox and have no intention of jettisoning 2,000 years of church teaching in favor of a spurious "relevance." And yet both are intent on the agenda of Vatican II. Starting in the middle of the nineteenth century, Pius IX and his successors had in effect barricaded the church from the onslaught of modernism. The *locus classicus* of this effort was the *Syllabus of Errors* of 1864, which condemned, among other things, the proposition that "the Roman Pontiff can, and ought to, reconcile himself . . . with progress, liberalism and modern civilization." The church, in effect, said "no" to the nineteenth century, something that the rest of the world is just now getting around to doing.

A century later, however, it was high time to drop the triumphalist armor. The church had become centered on a remote hierarchy rather than on the laity it was supposed to serve. When John Paul II told the conclave that had just elected him that he was going to be guided by the decrees of Vatican II, he meant it. American liberals, who had seized on the post-conciliar thaw as an opportunity to push a secularist agenda, were bitterly disappointed when it turned out that the Pope had no intention of changing any of the church's moral and dogmatic teachings, which had in fact been confirmed by Vatican II. Especially in the area of sexual morality, the Pope was as uncompromising as any of his predecessors. But

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even though the sexual revolution has hit a brick wall in the eighties, the liberal Catholic wing in America is still furious that the church remains the only major institutional bulwark against further carnage.

Weigel sees the American misunderstanding of John Paul II as part of a wider tension that has always existed between America and Roman Catholicism. America is the laboratory of modernity; the chief project of modernity is "autonomous man" (perhaps best grasped not by abstract definition but by Rilke's image of a panther silently gazing from its cage); and the church has always been at odds with this aspect of the Enlightenment. Moreover, since it claims infallibility in matters of faith and morals, the church has been less than enthusiastic about a pluralistic culture that treats religion like any other consumer commodity.

But, Weigel argues, we are now seeing the dissolution of the Enlightenment. If the Catholic Church can keep its "theological nerve," it will play a major role in setting the post-modern agenda. But if the church in America succumbs instead to leftist fashion, it can expect to evaporate as quickly as mainline Protestantism, whose political accommodations have emptied its churches. On the other hand—and this is less likely—if the church were to retreat back to the triumphalist barricades to suit the wishes of a hardened minority, it can also look forward to a rapid marginalization.

In looking for points of convergence between Rome and Cicero, Illinois, Weigel sides with those historians who see the American experiment as grounded not so much in the radical individualism of Locke as in the Christian idea of community, the "city upon a hill," whose roots can be traced back to the Catholic middle ages. (Weigel refers to Thomas Aquinas as the "first Whig.") He rejects the notion that the Founders conceived merely a "procedural" republic of clashing interests; they aimed instead at a liberty ordered by civic virtues whose taproot is religion. Catholicism, argues Weigel, should find this kind of polity congenial and, with its natural law approach to moral reasoning, should be in a strong position to help guide the republic back to moral common sense.

But as Weigel acknowledges, the church today does not find in America this ideal sort of pluralism—"one with a transcendent horizon"—but rather the "naked public square" that Pastor Neuhaus writes about. Secularists have been at work for decades to rid public policy of all religious referents. Their instrument has been the establishment clause of the First Amendment. But the Founding Fathers never wanted an impenetrable wall between church and state, and if we are to avoid complete moral anarchy, such a wall is out of the question. Weigel's train of thought here mirrors that of Wilmoore Kendall, the late Yale political theorist, who should be consulted more often by conservatives on this particular issue. Kendall argued that the Constitution should be read in the spirit with which Americans have always instinctively handled the problem of religious penetration of the civil order:

> Maintain a wall; celebrate it in myth and song even as the Great Wall of China was celebrated in myth and song; celebrate it, indeed, as a wall that cannot and must not be breached. But let the wall be *porous*; and if now and then, here or there, some moisture seeps through from one side of the wall to the other, that is, from religion to government (though not the other way 'round), use some common sense, of which we expect you to have some, in deciding how excited to get about it.

In the last part of his book, Weigel addresses specific issues—the economy, abortion, nuclear policy, and so forth. He has performed a service in explaining John Paul II's social thinking, especially the encyclical *Sollicitudo Rei Socialis*, which exercised so many conservatives when it came out two years ago. No, the Pope was not committing "moral equivalency" when addressing the two power blocs—any more than Saul Bellow was when he remarked that it's our "soft nihilism" versus their "hard nihilism." And the encyclical was quite clear about its endorsement of private enterprise, so long as the profit motive is guided by higher values. The Pope's social thinking should upset no conservatives other than libertarians who think that the key to happiness is getting one's utility preference curve to incline at just the right angle.

Weigel's book is a valuable contribution; still, I cannot help but think that all such books should have a warning sticker addressed to both the practicing Catholic and anyone else who happens to open it. True, as Romano Guardini said, the church does not stand in metaphysical remoteness, but in time, and as such there will always be "issues." But the interior life, so to speak, of the church, which has remained intact for two millennia, has little to do with being right or wrong about most contemporary issues. To define being a Catholic around a menu of positions (which, let me hasten to say, Weigel does not do) is to entirely miss how the church has always understood herself. □

THE CROSSWINDS OF FREEDOM: THE AMERICAN EXPERIMENT, VOL. III

James MacGregor Burns/Alfred A. Knopf/864 pp. $35

Victor Gold

Of the mandarin historians of the American left, few suffer the ongoing angst of James MacGregor Burns; or, at least, the torment visited upon him during this past decade of the Reagan terror. True, there is Arthur Schlesinger, Jr., with his hangdog nostalgia for Camelot and his embarrassing insistence that no matter how bad things look, there's a liberal cycle just around the corner. But Burns takes the cake. As a Democratic party activist in Massachusetts, he fears for the future of the Republic, having long since concluded that "the system" is so rigged that even if an ideologically pure liberal were to move into the White House, he would be "thwarted by political forces acting through the marvelous contrivances devised by the Framers and elaborated by their successors to balk comprehensive and forthright government action . . ."

Re-examine that last quote to comprehend the "marvelous" extent of Professor Burns's dolor. The man—despite all the honors heaped upon him in over four decades of pedagogic flackery on behalf of liberal candidates and causes—simply doesn't know whether he's coming or going. Does he approve or disapprove of the work of the Framers? Hard to tell. On one hand, given the right-wing spirit of the times, he fears the prospect of another constitutional convention. On the other, he is persuaded, as he once told his soulmate-in-angst Bill Moyers, that the existing Constitution props up "an anti-leadership system, making it difficult to govern . . . terribly difficult for men to rise to their stature by rising above brokerage, rising above what I call transactional leadership."

Or what others would call democracy. Not that Burns the Democrat isn't for democracy. Only that he fantasizes a lot about Leadership; specifically, the sort of Leadership the country had during the reigns of Franklin Roosevelt and John Kennedy; and might have had, but for the elaborate contrivance called popular election, under President Ted Kennedy.

Victor Gold is The American Spectator*'s national correspondent.*

This is the third and final volume of Burns's mislabeled "history" of America; actually, an overextended ruminative essay that ought to be titled *The World According to James MacGregor Burns*. It is Burns's sixteenth book in all. Of that sixteen, four have been dutifully, at times slavishly, devoted to FDR and the Kennedys. That includes *John Kennedy: A Political Profile*, the semi-official biography used by the Kennedy presidential campaign in 1960 to persuade Democratic liberals that JFK, though Joe Kennedy's son, was one of their own. Published in the early stages of that campaign, the book provided a crucial service to the Kennedy camp, coming as it did when other liberal doyens (notably, Schlesinger) were still carrying the torch for Adlai Stevenson.

Sixteen years later, in 1976—by odd coincidence, another campaign year—Burns published *Edward Kennedy and the Camelot Legacy*, a book that might have served a Ted Kennedy campaign had there been one. But that was the year, alas, when Ted Kennedy decided

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that family obligations precluded his rising to the call of Leadership; a horrendous lapse which, in Burns's world, led directly to the Carter malaise and the awful advent of Reagan-Bushism.

"Liberals were in no mood to celebrate as they came to the end of their worst decade, the 1970s," writes Burns. "During the final forlorn weeks of the Carter Administration, as they watched conservatives move into the new presidency, into a newly Republican Senate, and into the cultural and economic decision-making centers of Washington, liberals could reflect once again that nothing fails like success. Looking back over the liberal and Democratic dominance of the past five decades, they asked what had gone wrong—what had really gone wrong?"

Burns asks this question, or rather, puts it into the mouths of his fellow liberals, on page 629 of this sprawling jeremiad, then spends some 235 pages navel-picking the liberal dilemma; which he, of course, perceives as the nation's, indeed the planet's dilemma. "The leadership gap that afflicts us today," he writes, "could be rather simply explained: our leaders were shot down."

That passage, preceding a ritual incantation of Yeats ("Things fall apart; the centre cannot hold . . ."), fairly depicts the author's distraught condition as a liberal polemicist writing in a post-liberal environment. *How long, O Lord, how long, until young Joe is ready?*□

CITIZENS: A CHRONICLE OF THE FRENCH REVOLUTION

Simon Schama/Alfred A. Knopf/948 pp. $29.95

Maurice Cranston

This "chronicle" of the French Revolution became an instant bestseller throughout the English-speaking world, and it deserves to be, because it takes that revolution out of the hands of sociologists, miniaturists, and historical determinists to tell the story as one of political and personal experience, and to tell it extremely well. Professor Schama begins by refuting the familiar theory that the Revolution marked the painful transition of France from a feudal, bankrupt Old Regime to capitalist, bourgeois modernity. There was nothing structurally wrong with the Old Regime, he argues; France was as sound economically as England; feudal lords were already turning into modern landlords; capitalism, with as much noble as bourgeois participation in its enterprises, was already in place; and far from there being any class struggle between aristocracy and bourgeoisie, individuals and groups within every estate in the nation were at odds with their co-equals. Even royalty was divided, with Louis XVI's two brothers being squarely counter-revolutionary while his cousin Philippe d'Orleans (who changed his name to Philippe Egalité) was so pro-revolutionary that he voted for the execution of a king who dithered between supporting the Revolution and opposing it.

Schama's general explanation of the collapse of the Old Regime is that while Louis was sincerely eager to introduce reform, his government was unable to create representative institutions that could execute its program of reform. The Revolution, in its constitutionalist phase between 1789 and the flight of the King to Varennes in 1791, was no more successful in setting up the institutions that would put into practice the ideas it had taken from Montesquieu. After Varennes, revolutionary passion took over from revolutionary reason.

And passion, according to Schama, is what distinguished the French Revolution from those that took place in England in 1688 and America in 1776. Late eighteenth-century France was in the grip of romanticism. Feelings were let loose, as it were, on principle and the restraints of reason felt to be intolerable burdens. Rousseau is a name that occurs often in this book, and there can be no denying that that tormented philosopher did much to inspire both the popular contempt for the Old Regime and the popular fervor for the republican innovations that developed in France.

Violence thus emerged early in the proceedings. The storming of the Bastille and the lynching of its governor by the Paris mob on July 14, 1789, began a cycle of violence that ended, as Schama puts it, "in the forest of guillotines." And not only guillotines, for the *rasoir national* was a relatively humane instrument which in Paris, at any rate, terminated the lives of almost as many revolutionists (including Philippe Egalité as well as Robespierre, Danton, Hébert, Desmoulins, and so on) as of antirevolutionaries. It was in the provinces that the violence was most atrocious, and Schama brings to light something liberal historians have always tried to veil, namely the extent of the repression against "federalists," or citizens who opposed the dictatorship of Paris, in places such as Lyons, where the guillotine could not kill enough dissidents, even at the rate of twelve heads every five minutes, and where groups of as many as sixty were roped together and shot at with cannon; the survivors being finished off with bayonets and rifles.

Of some 2,000 Lyonnaise thus liquidated, only a handful were of the upper classes; more were ordinary people, as were the victims of the Terror in the region of the Vendée in western France, where Catholic country folk, opposed to the de-Christianizing vandalism of the Paris regime, rebelled in substantial numbers. Again, as opposed to the liberal textbook myth of an ordinary civil war in the Vendée, Schama shows that the Vendean resistance was not merely suppressed but answered with systematic genocide, whole populations being cruelly exterminated and their villages, crops, and forests razed in the names of liberty, equality, and fraternity. Such rebels did not enjoy what Robespierre called the "merciful solicitude" of the guillotine.

Violence in action went together with violence in words. The freedom of the press (while it lasted) was rather more abused than used. Hebert, for example, prepared the way for the trial of the more celebrated prisoners of the Revolution, and notably of the Queen, with such scurrilous and obscene character assassination as to make the "fair trial" promised in the Declaration of the Rights of Man—the Revolution's most sacred text—a sickly farce. When Hébert's own turn came to mount the scaffold, he exhibited all the hysterical fear and cowardice he had attributed in print to the "aristos," who had in fact faced death with exemplary dignity.

Schama is particularly good at describing such scenes as these: he has a marvelous sense of the dramatic. While he clearly disapproves of romanticism, he himself brings out the theatrical and colorful features of the Revolution as vividly as a novelist. The flight of the King to Varennes, for example, is not simply discerned as a turning point, when all hope of the Revolution maintaining some vestige of moderation was lost and the initiative passed to the Jacobins and the mobs: Professor Schama narrates it as a personal story, even a personal tragedy for an all-too-human king and queen for whom bad luck seemed to assume the form of a hostile fate. Schama also gives a thrilling account of Charlotte Corday's assassination of the odious Marat, one of the few acts of violence in the Revolution that was redeemed by courage, indeed nobility. It is ironical that a young girl should have been the Brutus of a revolution that did so little for women.

The book is an unusually long one, but the reader can only wish there were more of it, for it stops short at the end of the Terror in 1794, leaving several more years of revolutionary (if admittedly more orderly) government to come. Of the year 1799, which witnessed the ascendancy of Napoleon and a completed decade of revolutionary government, Schama briefly observes that it found the rural poor no better off than they had been under the Old Regime, while the "fat cats," as he calls the rich, were fatter than ever—despite the fact that all the progress in industry and commerce that had developed under the Old Regime was halted by the Revolution. The most substantial change he notices is psychological: the national self-image had been revolutionized. French people had ceased to think of themselves as subjects, and henceforth thought of themselves as citizens. Even when Philippe Egalité's son was put on the throne as Louis-Philippe in 1830, he was required to swear allegiance to the "sovereignty of the nation." The title of *Citizens* for Professor Schama's "chronicle" is well chosen.

The book is not, however, without its imperfections. The author is sometimes carried away by his admiration for the character he delineates. His idol, Malesherbes, for example, was undoubtedly a staunch defender of the King at his trial as well as the cause of freedom in general, but it is evident from the researches of his biographer Grosclaude that Malesherbes was not, as Schama claims, "virtually incapable of insincerity": he was utterly deceitful, for example, over the publication of *Emile*. Generally, Schama is apt to be overlenient toward the sophisticated, toward men such as Mirabeau and Talleyrand, who were as urbane as they were unprincipled; and to be correspondingly impatient with the naive, such as Lafayette, and the oafish, such as Thomas Paine.

Moreover, there are rather too many careless mistakes. *Curés* (vicars), for example, are muddled up with curates (*vicaires*); Julie de Lespinasse, the real-life (platonic) mistress of d'Alembert is confused with Julie d'Etange, the fictional (and less platonic) mistress of St-Preux; and there are faults in the

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French. It is possible that the transposition of masculine French words (e.g., *l'age*) to the feminine gender is the work of some overzealous feminist presence at the printing works, although the statement on the last page that the book has been set up in type by The Haddon Craftsmen, Inc. rather than "The Haddon Craftspersons, Inc." makes this explanation improbable. □

PATTERNS OF CORPORATE PHILANTHROPY: PUBLIC AFFAIRS GIVING AND THE *FORBES* 250
Roger E. Meiners and David N. Laband/Capital Research Center
403 pp. $50 paper

John Von Kannon

In 1972 Bob Tyrrell named me publisher of *The Alternative*, as this magazine was then called, with the assignment of trying to raise the money needed to keep things going. One of my first fundraising ventures was to the corporate headquarters of McDonald's in suburban Chicago.

It all seemed so sensible: McDonald's prospered because of the free enterprise system (and a low minimum wage). We promoted both. McDonald's was in the Midwest; we were in the Midwest. McDonald's had a record of supporting young people; we *were* young people. So I set up a meeting, prepared well, and gave my best pitch for funds. I talked about how McDonald's would benefit from supporting us. I listed our other supporters in Chicago. I quoted Ray Kroc. In short, I was brilliant.

The response was an astonished look from the contributions officer, who exclaimed: "Well, I've never met anyone who actually *believes* in free enterprise!" She then went on to tell me about her interest in black street gangs. I retreated as quickly as possible to the nearest Burger King and rethought my career path.

"What's the deal?" I mused while chomping into a Whopper loaded with catsup. "Corporations are supposed to be conservative. Everyone says so." I looked over my list of other Chicago fundraising calls scheduled that week. Inland Steel, Jewell, Gould, Combined Insurance, Motorola, Borg-Warner, Illinois Tool Works. Chicago's corporate leaders. Bastions of conservatism. But only one would ever contribute to the magazine. And to my knowledge only two would ever contribute to *any* conservative policy organization, and in amounts that would not pay for a tame office Christmas party. What I didn't know at the time is that corporations give a lot more money to their adversaries than to their friends. I didn't know that because in 1972 no one had compiled statistics on corporate philanthropy.

Happily, the situation has changed, thanks to the Capital Research Center, a scrappy little organization in Washington, D.C., founded by Willa Johnson, a longtime conservative activist who likes to keep tabs on things. While others pontificate, Willa collects data. Lots of data. Useful data that often confirm what many of us already knew, but now for the first time can prove.

Patterns of Corporate Philanthropy is the Capital Research Center's second annual study of big business's support of public policy organizations. The first volume covered the *Forbes* 100 companies, and found that in 1985 "seven out of every ten public affairs dollars from the top 25 corporate contributors support establishment liberal—and some support even outright radical—causes."

This year's volume examines the top 250 companies from *Forbes*'s expanded listing and provides detailed information on who gave what to whom during 1986. The authors are not concerned with traditional corporate philanthropy—support for museums, hospitals, and schools—but rather with grants to organizations that have a specific interest in public policy. Each of these recipients is assigned an ideological rating, ranging from radical left to radical right.

The results? "Over two-thirds of the grants made by *Forbes* 250 corporations went to liberal organizations; liberal recipients received 58.5 percent of the grant dollars, compared to 36 percent received by more conservative groups." Further, 86 percent of the corporations donate mostly to organizations that are center-left to left, while 13 percent are aimed to the right of center. Only two percent of corporate giving programs are listed as center-right or conservative.

We aren't talking peanuts here, either. In 1986, the top American corporations gave over $35 million to public affairs organizations; $20 million of that went to left-of-center groups. Right-of-center groups received $12 million, but $5.5 million of that went to just two of these, the American Enterprise Institute and the Center for Strategic and International Studies. It's interesting that the Heritage Foundation, which is probably better known than AEI and CSIS for its fundraising prowess, received only $739,000 from the *Forbes* 250.

Patterns of Corporate Philanthropy also provides some revealing insights into the world of big business:

- Chevron, Pillsbury, Mellon Bank, and Xerox all support the Peace Child Foundation, producers of a "rock-musical fantasy" called *Peace Child* who claim that weapons "are often purchased for the benefit of major military contractors, not for the defense of the United States."
- Two major defense contractors, TRW and Westinghouse, support the Children's Defense Fund, which publishes an annual critique of the defense budget.
- General Electric is the largest *Forbes* 250 contributor to the Environmental Law Institute, a leader in the movement to prevent the reopening of nuclear plants, presumably including those built and maintained by GE.
- ARCO supports Greenpeace, one of the most militant opponents of oil exploration on the continental shelf.
- Burger King's parent corporation, Pillsbury, supports Jesse Jackson's Operation PUSH, which led a nationwide boycott of Burger King.
- Borg-Warner, at one time a leading manufacturer of nuclear pumps, supports the Government Accountability Project, described by an admirer as "the leading [anti]nuclear legal group in the country."

Above all, *Patterns of Corporate Philanthropy* provides loads of raw data and information. There are profiles of the companies, profiles of the recipients, and lists of recipients and of the amounts distributed. One thing the authors do not do is tell us why corporations give so much money to their critics, what effect this has on public discourse, or what can be done about it. This task is left to William E. Simon who, among other things, is president of the John M. Olin Foundation, and a longtime (and thoughtful) critic of corporate philanthropy. In a brief introduction he cites a number of reasons for corporate America's support of its critics. These include a lack of time, a lack of understanding, an inability to defend oneself against intellectual critics, indifference to the problem, and outright capitulation before the critics. Perhaps most important, Simon notes, "far too many of our nonowning managers think and act like bureaucrats whose goal is merely to get along." He is exactly right: the urge to avoid controversy is never stronger than when corporate executives think about making contributions.

The trouble is, most business people don't really know why they give away money. When asked, they talk about "corporate responsibility," a concept whose very name suggests that the corporation is guilty of something. Moreover, corporate contributions officers —whose primary job is to identify organizations to support—too often have

Increase Your Knowledge of Corporate Contributions
Match the Grant with the Donor

Hint: If you believe major corporations act in their self-interest, you will fail this test. All grants were actually made in 1986.

Donor	Recipient
1. TRW and Westinghouse (defense contractors)	a. Greenpeace (major opponent of oil exploration)
2. General Electric (builder of nuclear power plants)	b. Operation PUSH (national Burger King boycott)
3. ARCO (developer of offshore oil)	c. Government Accountability Project (antinuclear legal group)
4. Pillsbury (owner of Burger King)	d. Environmental Law (opponent of nuclear power)
5. Borg-Warner (nuclear pump manufacturer)	e. Children's Defense Fund (leading defense critic)

Answer code: 1-c; 2-d; 3-a; 4-b; 5-e *Or: See text for answers*

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neither the training nor the inclination to change things. Indeed, they are usually the ones responsible for the problems. Too often these executives become captives of their critics, or worse, they actually begin to believe in their critics' agenda. Or they live in fear of a call from the boss demanding, "Why don't we support these guys?" or "Why this one?" So they avoid controversy altogether.

The chief executive officers, for their part, generally don't spend much time thinking about philanthropy, especially in public affairs. While the numbers involved may seem large and significant to the recipients, the amounts actually involve a relatively small part of a company's budget. In fact, public-affairs donations are usually included under "other" in lists of types of philanthropy. So if the CEO ever does think about it, he either accepts the recommendations of his corporate giving staff, or he too seeks to avoid controversy.

And who defines what's controversial? The intellectual community—the universities, the policy organizations, the serious journalists—and the popular media. In other words, the very organizations that depend on business for their existence (through corporate grants or advertisements).

Thanks to *Patterns of Corporate Philanthropy*, we know that this cycle exists. What is now needed is a better understanding of why this happens, and a plan to encourage corporations to act more in the interests of their shareholders. □

TO REACH ETERNITY: THE LETTERS OF JAMES JONES

Edited by George Hendrick, with a foreword by William Styron
Random House/380 pp. $22.50

William H. Nolte

What can one say about this collection of some 120 letters of James Jones without finally damning it with faint praise? If we can believe with Dr. Johnson that a man's soul lies naked in his letters, then there's no gainsaying the fact that Jones was an extraordinarily decent fellow. He seems to have been every bit as likable, kind, and considerate as William Styron would have us believe in his recollection of their long friendship. But he was not a good letter writer.

No, that's misleading: he was an awful letter writer. He almost always used three (or four or five) words where one would suffice, and he had an uncanny knack for placing those extra words in the wrong place. The more he sought to clarify a matter, the more he obscured it. Without Styron's excellent foreword and George Hendrick's editorial assistance, particularly in biographical matters, the book would be of little interest to anyone save the most avid Jones fans, and there don't seem to be many of that breed left. To be charitable, I might note that not many people, either professional writers or the merely literate, are capable of doing much more than conveying information in their correspondence. Information but not entertainment—not, anyhow, to the serene outsider, to you and me.

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The first half of this volume is given over to letters, many of them quite long by modern standards, written between 1939, when Jones was an 18-year-old enlistee in the Army, and 1951, when *From Here to Eternity* made him famous and at least moderately wealthy. Most of the royalties from that novel, which had a tremendous effect on me when I read it in my early twenties, were used to subsidize a colony for writers in Marshall, Illinois, a few miles from his hometown of Robinson. He also spent a sizable sum on the bachelor quarters he built at the time. The Colony, as it was called, was the brainchild of Lowney Handy, the free spirit who took Jones in hand following his discharge from the Army in the summer of 1944. Although Jones encouraged people to believe that Lowney was his foster mother (she was seventeen years older than he), they shared both bed and board during the long apprentice years, as her understanding husband, Harry, looked the other way.

After finishing *Some Came Running* late in 1956, Jones took a break from his writing table and from his tempestuous taskmaster (or -mistress) and went to New York, where Budd Schulberg introduced him to Gloria Mosolino, whom he married a few weeks later. Not until some four months after that, with the couple back home in Illinois, did Gloria learn about Jones's relations with Lowney. The awakening came when Lowney burst through a screen door and attacked the innocent interloper with a Bowie knife. Jones separated the combatants before any injury was done. Shortly thereafter, Jones and Gloria, whose marriage turned out to be a truly happy one, moved to New York for a brief stay, and thence to Paris, where they lived until 1974, when they returned to the States. Near the end of his long stay in Paris—where his splendid apartment overlooking the Seine attracted visitors, whether welcome or not, like an oasis in the Sahara—Jones admitted that he had never really learned to like the French. He was living in a farmhouse, which he bought and remodeled, on Long Island when he died in May 1977. Oddly enough, the collection contains only one letter from his last three years.

Most of the early letters were written to his brother Jeff and to his editors at Scribner's, Maxwell Perkins and, following Perkins's death in 1947, Burroughs Mitchell. (The letters to Mitchell take up about a fifth of the volume.) There he talks of how much he has finished for this or that chapter, what his intentions are for the next chapters, how, in short, the book-in-progress is progressing. There are also, of course, the obligatory epistles to Lowney—as dull as they are long, and they seem at times to be interminable. In one Texas-sized billet-doux, which even so has been abbreviated by the editor, thus making one wonder just how long it really was, he tries to get at the heart of the matter, or anyhow to lay bare his soul. (Note: the editor silently corrected misspellings but left the apostrophe-free contractions in place.)

> Thats where my faith is founded. I know now for sure you can never get over me, and that I can never get over you. It is as simple as that. Just that we are a man and his woman who love each other, a woman and her man who need each other. We are in love. Dont ask me why, or how. It just is, and must be accepted. We have loved through more than one eternity, to be able to love so much.

At which point marks of elision come to our rescue, only to be followed by a confession: "Words just fail me, Lowney. I cant explain. Its just love, overpowering, all embracing, unbeatable, thats all." But, alas, that's not all, not by a country mile, since six and a half long pages come panting after.

But some of the letters indicate that Jones possessed a good crap-detector, at least one that was operative in the case of other people although it sometimes malfunctioned in his own case. Two instances should suffice. While he admired the fiction of Faulkner and the early short stories, at least, of Hemingway, and even went so far as to mimic, almost to the point of parodying, their styles in some of his short stories (see *The Ice-Cream Headache and Other Stories*, especially the title story, which apes Faulkner, and "None Sing So Wildly," which echoes Hemingway in an unwittingly comic manner), he readily called them to account when he thought they overstepped the bounds of common sense or decency. For example, he confessed to being "heartily disgusted" with Faulkner's Nobel Prize acceptance speech. He believed that Faulkner, like all the "affirmation-shouters," had somehow convinced himself that he really believed in the comforting words of that ringing endorsement of the species. Some people, Jones admitted, found the strophes moving; he considered the remarks "truly childish." In like manner, according to Styron, who went with him to the Lincoln Memorial, he dismissed Lincoln's Gettysburg Address as "just beautiful bullshit," adding with savage bitterness, "They all died in vain. They all died in vain. And they always will!"

Styron also recalls how Jones would "denounce Papa for a despicable fraud and poseur" whose later work was phony to the core. I doubt that anyone not permanently adolescent would disagree with his view that Papa was a war lover and "a macho contriver of romantic effects." In short, it was Hemingway's *character* that Jones found most repulsive. In a letter to Norman Mailer, who, incidentally, comes off rather badly in this collection, Jones spoke of those character limitations with a fervor that borders on moral indignation:

> The consensus of [Hemingway's] outlook might be worded thusly: Say and do everything you can that will make Hemingway look good, even if it does make a lot of other people look bad. . . . Look up his comments on Sherwood Anderson—a snide parody of whom the whole book of *Torrents of Spring* aims at. Also his various comments on Mencken, and on Scott Fitzgerald, and on Tom Wolfe. Most usually they begin: "Poor Tom Wolfe etc, etc" or "Poor Scott Fitzgerald etc, etc"—"if he had only known thus and so" (implying he, Hemingway, does know this or that) "perhaps it would have helped his work thus and so."

The fact that Papa was a dreadful cad is perhaps too well known to warrant repeating; even so, I have to applaud Jones for stating the obvious, no matter that he stumbles and almost falls in doing so.

To hold our attention, letters must contain "surprises" of some kind, either in opinions expressed or, more importantly, in turns of phrase, in the manner of expression. Unfortunately, Jones offers little that surprises and nothing that thrills. Still, he must have been a pleasant fellow. Enough said. □

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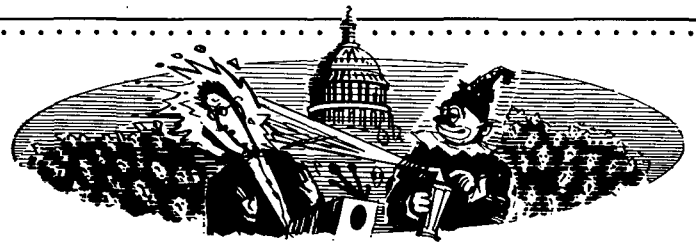
EVANS-PRITCHARD
(continued from page 21)

tions. Investment has come to a halt. There has been virtually no new construction for a year, and skeletal, half-finished buildings give a haunting look to the capital. The Fiat, Ford, and Peugeot factories are running at an average 24 percent capacity. There have not been massive layoffs because the big companies are waiting to see whether the reactivation program will work. But they cannot pay their workers to do nothing for months on end. Unemployment is about to explode, and it is going to be ugly in a culture where the elite, protected by its dollars, is not seen to share the suffering. President Menem, ultimately, will side with the *descamisados*. It is his instinct, and his political survival depends on it. If he is skillful enough, he will stick the blame for his failed plan on the *empresarios*, the wizards of Bunge & Born, who let the country down. And then, who knows? More Peronism, perhaps. It is all going to end badly. So much hope weighs on Menem's slender frame, and so much future disappointment. □

THE WASHINGTON SPECTATOR



TOURS DE FARCE

You know somebody's been in Washington too long when he tells you that the city "empties out" during the summer. "Nothing's going on in August," he will say, with the implication (the self-delusion is breathtaking) that something of interest happens during the other eleven months. To nail the point he will add: "Everybody leaves town." As is always the case with statements so manifestly untrue, the point is something else entirely: what he means is that while congressmen are back terrorizing their districts, chomping greaseburgers at barbecue after barbecue, *toute la Georgetown* temporarily decamps as well. Ben and Sally, for example, pack their rackets for a month of doubles in the Hamptons. Chris Dodd and Teddy check out the babes on the Cape. Pamela Harriman crisscrosses Europe, tenderly feeling the pulses of widowed zillionaires. Claiborne Pell rests at the feet of some *sadhu* on the banks of the Ganges. You see the point: *everybody's* gone.

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Meanwhile, the nobodys—that is, such Washingtonians as bureaucrats, slumdwellers, crack-smokers, shop-keepers, cops, busboys, Uzi-selling black marketeers, and junior editors of conservative opinion magazines—stay and take the heat. Which isn't so bad. Some of us like to be reminded, once a year, what it's like to live in a city without congressmen. But as the city empties itself of elected representatives and the rest of its elite, it is simultaneously engorged with tourists. You can see them on the Mall, whole families under the pitiless sun, trudging from one end of the shadeless expanse to the other: Dad, his face flushed and doughy, his hair matted in curlicues round the crown of his head, dragging Mom, as her hairdo rapidly wilts and the sweat stains begin to appear around the waistband of her stretch pants, and behind them trail the brats: Junior in a tank top, his shoulders adroop, his damp chubby arms swinging listlessly, and Sis with day-old clumps of cotton candy clinging horribly to her braces. For Washington nobodies, the sight is not so hard to take as it might seem: we're used to much worse. Balanced on the scales of human repulsiveness, even thousands of such families fail to match, say, a single Beryl Anthony.

• • •

I speak with authority, for not only have I met Beryl Anthony but I have also been trying, this summer, to duplicate the life of the Washington tourist (passing the time, as it were, until *everybody* comes back). The most efficient method is to take a guided tour, as so many out-of-towners wisely do. On a tour, if you plan with care and intelligence, you can get everything—the memorials, the museums, the historical sights—out of the way in four hours max and be back in your hotel watching TV before lunchtime.

• • •

The granddaddy, the Big Kahuna, the Titan of tours in Washington is the Tourmobile, a fleet of blue-and-white trams that circumnavigates the Mall, with tangents extending to Arlington cemetery, Mount Vernon, and the Kennedy Center. "Only on this tour can you see so much, so well!" the Tourmobile brochure vows. "We can't wait to share the secrets of Washington with you!" Maybe they can't wait, but you'll have to! You're allowed to disembark the tram at any of its stops ("free reboarding!"), which then entitles you to move to the back of another line the length of a Metroliner if you ever hope to see the inside of another Tourmobile. The chances of your actually doing so, however, are only fair, for by this time all the trams are full to bursting, their windows, which you glimpse as they pass, framing a collage of chubby arms, wilted hairdos, flushed damp faces, and faint wisps of steam.

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But don't despair: you're not missing much. The "secrets of Washington" the Tourmobile guides dare to reveal are, more often than not, less than revelatory. During my various trips, for example, I learned that John F. Kennedy's assassination "shocked the nation," that the Washington Monument is 556 feet high, that Arlington cemetery is "a real cemetery," that Abner Doubleday invented baseball, that the Washington Monument is 558 feet high, that much of "Scarecrow and Mrs. King" was *not* filmed in Washington, and that the Washington Monument is 555 feet high. Other secrets are of the maddeningly unprovable kind so beloved of perky tour-guides and the late Mr. Robert Ripley. In view of the Pentagon, for example, one guide chirped: "If you took out all the telephone wiring in this building, you could wrap it *around the world seven and one-half times.*" What's the proper response to such an assertion? Simple dismissal ("That's a load of crap!")? Or a direct challenge ("Prove it!")? Or an aggressive counterassertion ("I happen to know for a fact that it's three and a quarter times—*around the moon*")? But tourists, over time, build up a natural immunity to the indignities they routinely suffer: everybody on the tram simply ignored her—the wisest course.

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The wise tourist, too, can always jump the tram and take another tour, of which there are dozens. The Scandal Tour, for example, has recently gained much publicity. (Its press packet is enormous—so thick, in fact, that if you took each clipping you could *fill the entire Tidal Basin and still have enough left over to stuff the mouth of every guide who ever worked a Tourmobile.*) The Scandal Tour is put on by the comedy troupe Gross National Product, whose actors ride the bus and impersonate celebrity guides: George Bush, Marilyn Quayle, Paul Harvey, and so on. A Fawn Hall impersonator hands out little packets of shredded paper; the rest of the jokes aren't much funnier. Still, the bus is air conditioned, and you get to look in the windows of Gary Hart's town house. Most winningly, free drinks are served in the Ritz Carlton beforehand—an old insurance policy known to unsuccessful comedians everywhere.

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Drinks would come in handy on the Feminist Institute's "Feminist Tour of Capitol Hill," which is pretty much what it sounds like: a two-hour sewing club in which the tourists work eagerly on their hairshirts. Talk about facts! The VFW building reflects "the exclusion of women from military history," never mind the numberless women who served in the Civil War by aid of cross-dressing. Only six of the thirty non-profit organizations in the Methodist building deal exclusively with women's issues—a national scandal. Mr. Folger couldn't have built the Shakespeare Library without his wife. Only male contractors worked on the Jefferson Building of the Library of Congress, even though women donated 75 percent of the money needed to complete it. The Women's Bakery has the best bran muffins in town. And this: the statue of Freedom atop the Capitol dome features a woman dressed in a robe *open to her navel.* "I like the idea that Freedom is a woman," our guide said, "but why be sexist about it? It's just the way that everybody thought back then." You see the point: *everybody.* —*AF*

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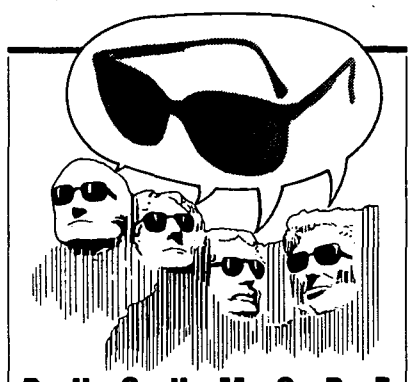

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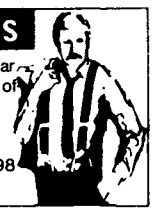

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Reagan on the Rock Reactions

The humble proposal to add Ronald Reagan's countenance to Mount Rushmore—first advanced by R. Emmett Tyrrell, Jr., and fleshed out in our July issue by David Shanahan of the Committee for Monumental Progress—has met with an overwhelming response. Herewith, a small sampling.

Vancouver Columbian
(Vancouver, Washington)

A very intemperate response from a citizen of Vancouver, Washington, presumably an American citizen:

Let's not desecrate Mount Rushmore with the face of show-off actor Ronald Reagan. . . . A cowboy clown does not belong there with the four great presidents. It takes a mindless brain such as that of R. Emmett Tyrrell, Jr.'s even to think of such a stupid, asinine idea.

—Jerry Sawyer
Vancouver

[May 25, 1989]

Idahonian/Daily News
(Moscow, Idaho)

The shocking propaganda brought down on the free-born Americans of the good Moscow:

Tyrrell should proceed with the greatest dispatch and throw all his energies into the project. It took Gutzon Borglum most of a lifetime to carve Mount Rushmore. If Tyrrell and his ultra-conservative cohorts can be similarly employed and diverted from trying to foist their antediluvian philosophy on the country, the world will be a better place. And a bust of Reagan on a mountain is a small price to pay.

—Peter Harriman

[May 20-21, 1989]

Dayton News

The conspiracies of the Reaganite hordes as explicated by another bitterender of the anti-Conservative persuasion:

Right-wing journalist Emmett Tyrrell has proposed putting Ronald Reagan on Mt. Rushmore. This is a pre-emptive strike: The idea, clearly, is to make it official that Mr. Reagan was a historic, heroic president before the historians can pass judgment.

Mr. Tyrrell knows that historians tend to be on the liberal side and he doesn't want to take any chances.

[May 29, 1989]

Kansas City Star

Proof that the *Nation* and the *Progressive* both have Native American editions:

Putting Ronnie Reagan's likeness on Mount Rushmore would add new insult to old injury.

As a Native American of Sioux and Choctaw descent, I can tell you that Paha Sapa, the Black Hills, are considered sacred by the Lakota (Sioux) Indians. The existence of the Mount Rushmore National Memorial, commemorating four U.S. presidents, in the middle of this sacred land, is a slap in the face, especially when one considers the unflattering history of U.S. treatment of Native Americans from the founding of this nation to the present.

Then consider the Reagan administration's disastrous policies concerning indigenous peoples. Or the gaffe he made during his trip to the Soviet Union when he remarked that the U.S. should have invited American Indians to "Come, be one of us," or such malarkey as that.

If man wants to make a monument to man, then let it not be egotism sculpted large, but let it be oil-free Alaskan sounds, acid-free rain, non-toxic water tables. But let our ultimate monument to one another be respect and fairness toward all.

—Robert Folsom

[May 28, 1989]

The Record
(Hackensack, New Jersey)

A confused aesthete weighs in from Edgewater:

Just say no, no, no.

We do not need or want another head carved on Mt. Rushmore!

If we must add more figures, they should represent the American troops raising the flag at Iwo Jima.

—Armen Tutunjian
Edgewater

[June 12, 1989]

Public Opinion
(Watertown, South Dakota)

The unwarranted anxieties expressed by a sage in Watertown:

We see one tiny, little problem with [Tyrrell's] proposal. What happens if the liberals come back to power? What happens if the country, in the grips of a liberal revival, wants to honor some recently retired chief executive by sandblasting Reagan's face off the mountain and replacing it with a liberal?

[May 20, 1989]

Herald Leader
(Lexington, Kentucky)

Belles lettres from the sourpuss pen of Dr. Howard Kleinberg of the Cox News Service:

While many Americans may feel comfortable wrapped in an American flag Reagan personally stitched for them, many more were very uncomfortable with a president who had a miserable record on civil rights, who offered to sell arms to our enemies in Iran, who had enough of his appointees indicted to challenge any other president for bad judgment and who presided over the humiliation and grief of the unanswered terrorist killings of hundreds of American military and civilian personnel in Lebanon.

Put him up on Mount Rushmore while he's still riding his horsey in California and while the mess of Iran-contra still remains to be sorted out in the courts?

Sometimes we can be too quick to rush to judgment.

[May 21, 1989]

Coatesville Record
(Coatesville, Pennsylvania)

Phrenological prescriptions from historic Coatesville, Pa.:

A conservative commentator wants to see President Reagan's image on Mount Rushmore. And F. Emmet Tyrrell [sic] suggested that South Dakota should pay for it.

Mr. Tyrrell, who is normally a quite reasoned commentator, should get his head examined for that one.

[May 19, 1989]

San Francisco Chronicle

The terrified observations of another pathetic laggard from the March of History:

Regarding the movement to get Reagan's image onto the Mount Rushmore monument: I personally vow to carry the first jackhammer up to blast off any such ugly intrusion on that historic site.

Reagan's legacy is a country whose natural environment has been seriously compromised, whose city streets are jammed with homeless people, whose economy is running solely on the momentum of hype, whose civil rights have been eroded, and whose death toll from AIDS skyrocketed out of control as governmental health agency budget cuts made way for the most idiotic military expenditure in history: the Strategic Defense Initiative.

Mount Rushmore? Mr. Reagan should be in jail.

—Cap Bixby
San Francisco

[June 3, 1989]

Free Press
(Mankato, Minnesota)

Philistine vaporings from a sadly misnamed organ of the Farm and Labor cabal:

A man named R. Emmett Tyrrell, Jr. wants to add one more president to Mount Rushmore.

Tyrrell, the editor of *American Spectator*, a magazine for the conservative crowd, says just a little chiseling and just a little dynamiting would allow Ronald Reagan's nose and chin and ears to be added to South Dakota's most famous monument. . . .

Fortunately, the people of South Dakota have remained, at best, lukewarm to the idea. If the idea advances too far, we would expect outrage to show itself.

[May 23, 1989]

Greeley Tribune
(Greeley, Colorado)

From a modern adept of Pyrrhonism in the Rocky Mountain State, a constructive suggestion—though not constructive enough:

I think it is much too soon to consider putting Ronald Reagan's face alongside those four great presidents on Mount Rushmore. However, a few miles west of Rushmore there is another great monument being carved that would be more appropriate for Reagan. It is of that great chief "Crazy Horse."

—Adene Steele
Eaton

[May 29, 1989]

USA Today

And finally, the Fortieth President of the United States responds with characteristic modesty:

USA TODAY: What do you think about the movement to put your face on Mt. Rushmore?

REAGAN: It wouldn't be very important what I thought. It's what the people think, and I have never suggested such a thing. I have great respect for the presidents who are represented there.

USA TODAY: The idea does seem to please you.

REAGAN: How could you not be pleased if someone is suggesting such a thing? But I don't know if there is room for anyone else there.

[June 22, 1989]

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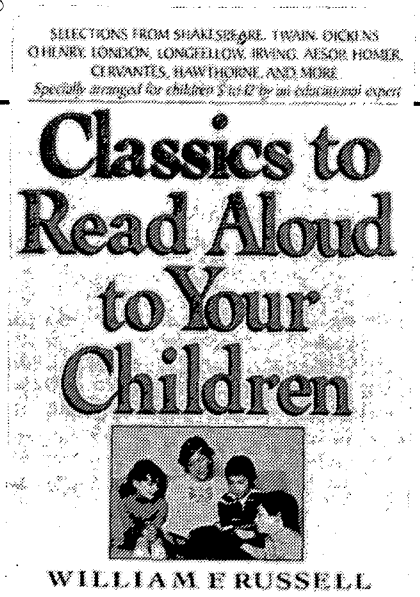
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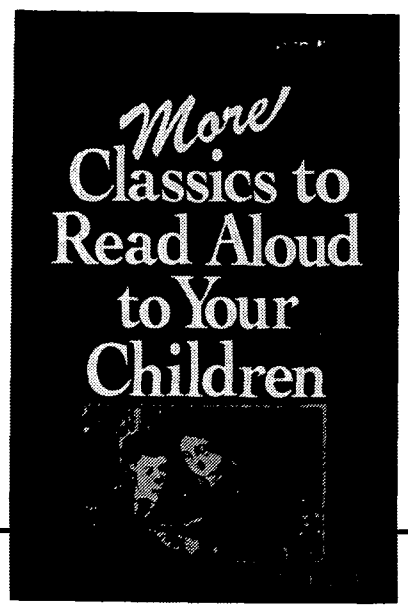

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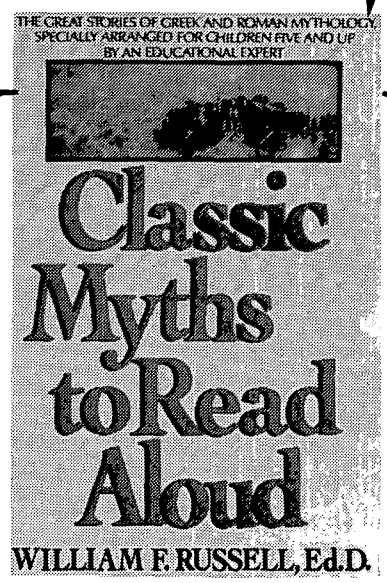
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